



JULIA MARLOWE AS OPHELIA

After a vacation in Europe, this distinguished actress began her tour with Mr. Sothorn at the Boston Opera House, October 27th last, presenting "Hamlet," "Taming of the Shrew," etc. They appeared at the Century, New York, in "Twelfth Night," Oct 31.

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



Editorial

Frenzied Play Production

THE early season of 1921-22 will be remembered in theatrical circles for the extraordinary number of its failures. Of the seventy odd new plays presented on the New York stage since August 1, how many have survived? The pieces really worth-while can almost be counted on the fingers of one hand. As to the others, "The Wheel," "A Man in the Making," "The Skylark," "The Scarlet Man," "The Teaser," "Nobody's Money," "Sonny," "Swords," "Personality," "The Poppy God," "The Blue Lagoon," "The Elton Case," "The Mask of Hamlet," "True to Form," "Like A King," "Two Blocks Away," "Don Juan," etc., etc.—these "also ran" are only a few of the pieces which failed to realize the hopes of their producers. Many of these plays missed fire entirely and were quickly withdrawn in order to stop further loss. Others have been allowed to meander along—often playing to ridiculous receipts—for the sake of the salutary effect a "Broadway run" has on the road; also because, for the moment, there has not happened to be any other attraction impatiently clamoring to come in.

That, of course, is the fundamental reason why the boards of Manhattan's sixty playhouses are flooded with rubbish—too many theatres. There has been an orgy of theatre building going on. The houses must be kept open. There are not enough good plays to go round. Ergo, the manager—anxious both to keep the open time and to retain his organization—must, willy-nilly, experiment with what plays he can get and so he grabs at anything—even if it is not too promising, even at the risk of serious financial loss. That is how the theatrical game is played today by the speculative type of manager. He looks upon the drama merely as a lottery. If he makes a lucky strike, it means big money—a fortune. If the play proves a fizzle, he may be out \$40,000. He takes the long chance.

To say nothing of the money loss, think of the time and energy wasted in making productions, not only devoid of the slightest literary or artistic merit, but not even possessing enough "punch" or salaciousness to attract the thoughtless, pleasure-seeking mob. What a frightful waste of human energy and money it seems at a moment when millions are starving, and the rest of mankind needs every ounce of its reserve force to keep us from the abyss and restore the world to normalcy! Think of the actors rehearsing these failures for weeks, all that time without pay, only drawing salary for a couple of weeks and then compelled once more to haunt the agencies looking for another job!

But even the loss of time, energy and money involved by this policy of frenzied production is as nothing compared with the injury done the Drama as an art. Is public taste bettered or the actor's art improved by such abortive offerings? On the contrary, the playgoer, no matter what his class, loses all respect for, and faith in, the theatre, and as to the actor—he is so demoralized with hurried, slipshod productions that long ago he ceased to look upon his vocation as an art. He considers it just

a business, in which his sole interest is to command as large a salary as possible. Fame, applause—yes, he has no objection to either. But money comes first. Only that really counts.

Nothing can remedy this state of affairs so long as the theatre in this country remains without intelligent and cultured direction. So long as the "show business" is run by "show men," we shall have a purely commercial stage with its large crop of rubbishy, meretricious plays. With only a few conspicuous exceptions, our stage, today, is in the hands of men whose armorial bearings, if they had any, would be three gilded balls.

How much better they manage these things in the old world! On the continent, the Drama is recognized as an educational force second only to the school. A paternal government encourages the fine arts, among which the Drama is given an honored place. Theatres are subsidized; every embryo player is trained gratis. Love of fine literature is fostered. From earliest childhood, the youth of France and Germany is made familiar with the classics of the stage. The old plays themselves may be demoded, out of touch with modern thought, but no matter—they breathe the spirit of literature and they inculcate a taste for the best. What is our standard of taste? The musical comedies of George M. Cohan or the bedroom farces of Avery Hopwood? How can we educate our audiences or train competent players on such mental fare as this?

It is the opinion of so distinguished an actor and observer of theatrical conditions as Mr. E. H. Sothern that, unless conditions change, there will soon be no actors left in this country competent to act Shakespeare. He says it would be almost impossible for him to continue his Shakespearian revivals, but for the fact that he has been able to retain the services of a little group of experienced actors—as the nucleus of his company—whom he could not hope to replace. It is not a question of Shakespeare not paying, for the Sothern-Marlowe company always plays to packed houses, but that there will soon be no actors.

What is the young actor's attitude? Is he ambitious to emulate the great actors of better days? Does he thirst for the thunderous applause that greeted a Kean or a Booth? Or is he interested in the stage only as an easy way of earning a livelihood? In view of Mr. Sothern's own experiment, one is inclined to think the latter appeals to him most. Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe organized a school in which instruction was to be provided gratis in fencing, elocution, carriage, and the other essentials of the art of acting to qualify beginners in their company. Was there a rush to the school? There was not. No young actors took advantage of the offer and Mr. Sothern was compelled to close the school.

No doubt, the actors thought they could get along quite as well without training of that kind. Perhaps they are right. What have elocution and deportment to do with the musical comedies of George M. Cohan or the bedroom farces of Avery Hopwood?



Photo White

(Left to right) Alison Skipworth, Pauline Garon, Marie Doro, Evelyn Duncan, Josephine Drake, Cora Witherspoon

These fair and fat ladies of the demi-monde leave nothing unsaid as they discuss their respective lovers

SCENE IN "LILIES OF THE FIELD"
AT THE KLAW



Photo White

Laura Murdock (Frances Starr) pleads with her Wall Street "friend" (Joseph Kilgour) to let her wed the man who offers her marriage

SCENE IN "THE EASIEST WAY" AT THE LYCEUM

Helen Bevins (Helen McKellar) enjoys all the luxuries that go with the life of joy, even the colored maid who polishes her dainty fingernails



Photo White

SCENE IN "BACK PAY" AT THE ELTINGE

"THEY TOIL NOT; NEITHER DO THEY SPIN!"

EXIT THE REEL STAR; ENTER THE REAL ONE

Vapid, wide-eyed baby dolls and swashbuckling heroes to make room for a more virile screen drama

By RITA WEIMAN

Author of "The Acquittal," "Footlights," "The Stage Door," etc.



WHERE is the baby-doll of yesterday? What has become of little Dottie Dimples who last year flashed her name across the silver-sheet in luminous type, not to mention the slash of it on the door of her velvet-lined limousine in her own handwriting.

Dottie Dimples, or Flossie Footlights, as the case might be, who graduated from the Follies' Chorus at fifty a week to stardom in the movies at five thousand for the same brief period—where has she vanished? All the little ladies whose smile and pout were calculated to put Mary Pickford out of business—to what unknown realms of activity have they slipped away?

We don't know. But gone they are, gone with their bright curls, crimped into long yellow sausages, gone with their saccharine smiles and tremulous lips, gone with their sham and prancing and baby stares, gone with their stupendous salaries and stupendous stupidities, relegated to the past of the pictures by a discerning public who have kicked over the traces and refuse any longer to pay hard-earned silver shekels for the purpose of gazing upon a representation of a toed-in bisque doll for an hour and a half.

Last year, Hollywood teamed with them. The scent of expensive French perfume presaged their coming. The stream of pale yellow and blue and violet cars told of their going. They swept through hotel foyers and around studio lots with white furs clinging about white throats, with diamond bracelets clinking upon slender wrists and in round eyes no expression at all. They appeared on the set for work at any time before noon that suited their convenience, while the company waited at the rate of some five hundred dollars an hour. When the director remarked—if he dared—that they were a bit late, they replied—if they troubled—that, of course, there were other directors. They visited opulent producers in sumptuous offices and announced what stories they would appear in and what stories they would not. Dottie would not play the mother of a child. Her public—her public, mind you!—believed she was eighteen and the illusion of maidenhood must not be marred. Flossie must have stories that permitted her to smudge her face and sport torn ragamuffin trousers. Her public liked her knees. But, of course, she must also be given a chance to show the latest mode in feminine frills before the last reel.

Queens, with thin-lipped mothers, grandmothers and aunts as omnipresent ladies-in-waiting, these soft-lipped dictators were in a

fair way to drive the films into bankruptcy. The belief that prettiness is a substitute for pliability, that baby smiles can take the place of brains, that tricks can replace toil, held sway for so long that the foam of the thea-

eyed baby doll can supply none of these commodities.

The result is a period of readjustment, astonishing and illuminating in its progress, unlimited in its possibilities of achievement.

An earthquake of agitation is shaking the foundation of smug self-satisfaction with which the young star of yesterday put herself over.

A producer pulled at his mustache with a smile of wisdom, acquired at the rate of seventy thousand dollars per picture, which was the sum guaranteed one of the aforementioned blonde dolls. "He was relating a recent interview with her:

"She came into my office when she returned from the East and I could see by the look in her mother's eye that there was blood in the air. 'We don't like this last story you've given M—,' her mother announced. 'She won't do it.'

"Now look here, my dear lady,' I told friend mother, 'Up-to-date your little one is a flivver. Understand what that means? The company has lost hundreds of thousands on her. From today she does as we say, not as she says. We're going to try to put her over with Mr. and Mrs. Public. It's a tough job, but we're sporting enough to do our best. You can work with us, or if you want to pull in the opposite direction, you can terminate her contract here and now. It's entirely optional with us. Just say the word.'

"Friend mother looked for a minute as if she had been struck by a stray bullet.

"Well,' I prompted, 'does she do this story or doesn't she?'"

The producer sighed as he concluded, "She did the story, of course. I was hoping she'd terminate the contract—but no such luck!"

That's the reigning spirit of an awakened Hollywood.

Your swashbuckling young hero with his pomaded hair, dreamy eyes, high-belted coat, silver-trimmed racing car and bored manner of wearing his cap with peak jutting out at the back of his head is discovering, too, that he can slip downgrade in spite of a decided conviction to the contrary. His pictures are no longer selling, as the saying goes, and with desperate fingers he is holding hard to the shredding popularity which the virility of the character actor is tearing from him. With a start, first of disbelief, then terror, he has been brought face to face with the realization that looking like an "ad" for collars does not make a great actor. For a time, even producers, following the lead of matinee girls, thought it might. But today, your erst-



Hoover

RITA WEIMAN

trical profession became the sea that nearly submerged the movies.

If Dottie is wise, she has salted away a neat little sum at the rate of a thousand per smile and fifteen hundred each time she looked up coyly from beneath her tangled mop of carefully marcelled tresses. If she is unwise, she will drift back to the foam that fluffs the Follies and take her natural place in the theatrical firmament. For her day as the star is done. The era of reconstruction in Filmland has begun. Your five thousand a week Dotties and Flossies are no more. As their contracts with various companies expire, they are not being renewed, not even with a cut in salary—not at any price. Producers have tasted of the fruit of knowledge and have found it bitter. And that knowledge has resulted in the survival of the fittest. They have discovered that the public will pay for three things—good acting, a good story and screen personality. And they have discovered, for which they and their treasurers are infinitely grateful, that the vapid, wide-



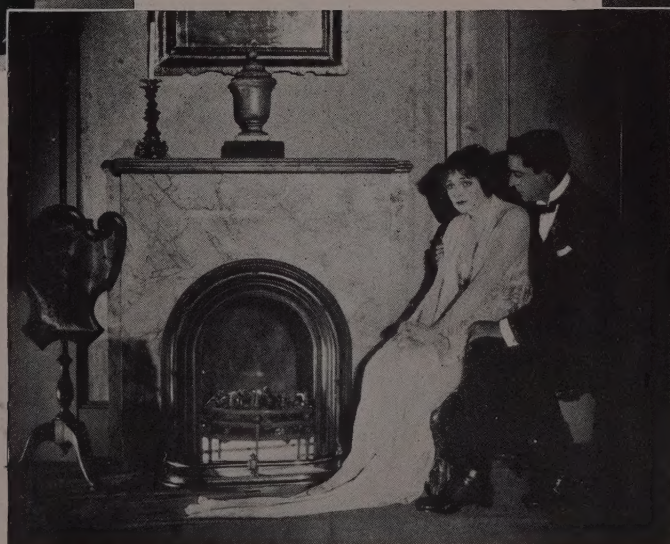
Photo Abbe Among the exciting social diversions of Gopher Prairie's hectic life none is so popular as the weekly bridge party

AN EXCELLENT STAGE VERSION OF "MAIN STREET" PROMISES TO DUPLICATE THE SUCCESS OF THE BOOK



Photo Apeda

Carol Kennicott (Alma Tell) arrives in Gopher Prairie



Abbe

SCENE IN "DADDY'S GONE-A-HUNTING"

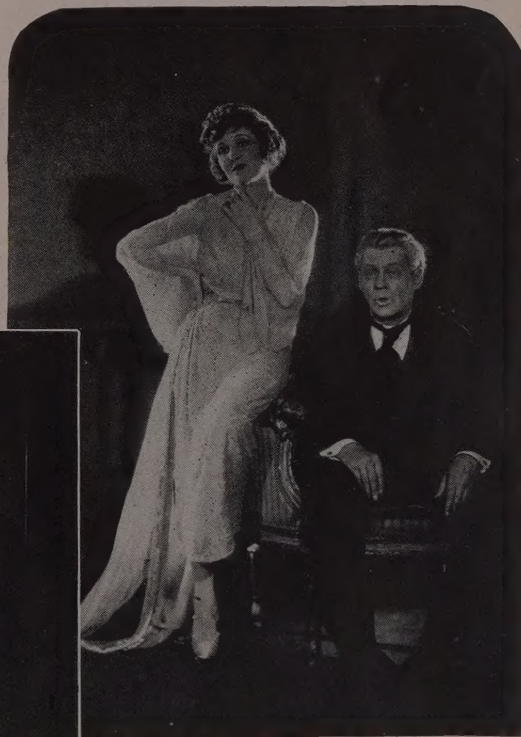


Photo Abbe

Despised and rejected by the political associates whom he has betrayed, and abandoned by Antoinette (Irene Fenwick), for whom he has sold his honor, Achille Cortelon (Lionel Barrymore) becomes a decrepit old dotard

SCENE IN "THE CLAW" AT THE BROADHURST

Valter Greenough (Lee Baker), who has silently devoted his life to Edith Marjorie Rambeau), finally as the solace of seeing her ensconced by his own fireside

THE STAGE PICTURES AMERICAN LIFE

while male star who sky-rocketed into a golden heaven is trying to evade the cloud of disfavour that rolls ominously in his direction.

This same male star who last year selected his own director, his own story, his own leading woman, will next year be glad to be one of a so-called all star cast and learn how to act under the guidance of the new school of directors, men who have graduated from that great and best school of acting, the theatre. That same star of last year will take the trouble to study character instead of clothes, will know the meaning of the word psychology, and will learn how to submerge his own personality, if he has any, in the part he is playing. If he hasn't any, he won't get the part. The day of mere dreamy eyes has been relegated to the past.

WHEN a director suggests to him quietly—and the director is discarding the megaphone-shout along with puttees: "My boy, this scene has to be played with the cunning of an Iago!"—he will not conclude, nonchalantly, that Iago is probably the name of the Wop orchestra leader who played such bully jazz at Marcel's.

The men and women who will be headliners in the films of the future will have to possess that essential of success in every art and profession—education. Not necessarily college education—not by any means—but the learning that comes from the wide-open mind, from observation, from study. It doesn't matter whether a man makes his advent into pictures via the ribbon counter or the University, if he is willing to emulate the retort of Whistler when asked how he achieved the magnificent colours on his canvas: "I mix my paints with brains, my dear sir."

Heretofore, brains have been looked upon as a liability rather than an asset by the Dotties and Archies of the movies.

"Beastly nuisance—learning and all that sort of thing—when a fellow has the stuff that gets 'em, the 'I say' quality that goes, you know."

WELL, the "I say" quality has gone so far that it has gone completely, is fading with dimples and pomades into the hazy days when money was no object and the mirage of millions centred in a mist of golden curls. Dottie is selling her velvet-lined car, her

house in Beverly Hills, her bangles. And her baby eyes are busy looking for an easy backer who can be persuaded to finance a company that shall bear her name.

"How much does it cost to put on a picture?" asked a stout, solemn-eyed old gentleman, who had been decorating the lobby of the Hollywood Hotel for some weeks.

"Anywhere from fifty thousand up," yawned a seasoned movie man, evidently accustomed to the query, and added: "Principally up."

"Well," the old man scratched his head, "My nephew told me that if I'd put up a hundred and fifty thousand to back Miss Sweetie in three pictures, he'd guarantee me half a million."

"Kiss it good-bye," observed the movie man tersely. "And don't throw any more after it. She's canned for good."

"Canned for good!" Yes, the public's good and the industry's.

For as an industry, motion picture production ranks too high to invoke either amusement or scorn. It is a power to be reckoned with, a power that should and will work nearer and nearer to the good of great usefulness, of infinite possibilities, of enlightenment, a power to encircle the world the moment it is vested with the dignity which only those who direct its energies can place around it.

THE movies are going to the dogs," is the clarion cry of hordes of actors and actresses who are willing, even eager today to cut unearned salaries of two thousand a week to earned ones of seven hundred and fifty. It has gone rumbling from the boulevards of Hollywood, over the hills of Beverly, out to the smooth-rolling Pacific. It has gathered force until the shout: "The studios are closing down!" resounds like a peal of thunder.

Not so! Extravagance is closing down! Waste is closing down! The reign of the nincompoop is closing down! And during the period of re-organization, there is the necessary lull. But in the renaissance will be a new sort of picture as far ahead of the old one as the mountain tops are above the valley.

In the closing down is the jam of the lid upon the temperamental, stalking star who distorted a story so that hers might be the never-failing centre of the screen, who with

the slash of a butcher's knife cut wholesale the scenes in which her leading man scored too heavily. It is the closing down of the poisonous influence of egotism, of the grab for the almighty dollar without any attempt to give value received. It is the necessary lesson of the con game which china blue eyes and dreamy dark ones have been putting over on credulous producers, and they, in turn, have offered a public not so credulous.

BUT they have assimilated that lesson and mean to profit by it. They are going slowly but surely. They are sifting the wheat from the chaff. They are coolly facing the peroxide lady who demanded thirty-five hundred a week and her wardrobe and her maid and her maid's expenses, and asking her just where she gets off and if she can step down alone or needs help. They are calmly waiting for the erstwhile high-belted hero to come and ask for a job instead of journeying, if need be, across the continent to beg him to take it. They are realizing that the clinging vine can get a strangle-hold on the oak which saps its life, that in this case, the vine is the actor who comes cheap in quality but not in salary, while the oak is the motion picture industry.

And quietly, as the clouds dim the star that never shone, comes the twinkle of a constellation that cannot fail to make for success. There is the story that no longer strains possibility to give a stereotyped love interest and conventional clinch at the end, but rather one which centres round human heart interest that may concern the love of a man for a dog or the clinging hands of a little child. Tales in which the principal characters are old men and old women are no longer reshaped into rompers for some tomboy leading woman. Producers know today by that barometer of popularity, the box-office, that the story that counts is the one that pulses with the throb of real heart beats, not the patter of French heels. And the heart of age which has suffered is more apt to bring tears and smiles—and dollars—from an audience than manufactured emotion as artificial as peroxide curls.

AND this change has brought opportunity to the actor and actress, who, because they were no longer in (Continued on page 418)

PLAYHOUSE PHRASES

NORA BAYES has a "ragnetic" personality.

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Curiously enough, Frank Bacon never "hogs" a scene.

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Eva Tanguay should add some new songs to her "pepetoire."

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Some people refuse to credit Frank Craven with ability as an actor, simply because he is "so natural."

* * *

Lillian Russell began by being "the observed of all observers," and has ended by being the "preserved of all preservers."

Grant Mitchell has dedicated himself to the delineation of "American" types. His full name is U. S. Grant Mitchell.

* * *

Sam Bernard should be "dialected" president of the "German Comedians' Association."

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"What's in a name?" Whether the piece be called, "The Marquis de Priola," "The Purple Mask," or "Toto," if Leo Deitrichstein is in it, it is still "The Great Lover."

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Laurette Taylor is to play the part of the Jewish mother in "Humoresque." She has already chosen people for the supporting company.

George M. Cohan, who never has an idle moment, has many an idol hour.

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Doris Keane's career is permeated with "Romance."

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George Arliss shines as a star because he is a "polished" actor.

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Theosophists—and others—believe that Marilynn Miller is the reincarnation of a butterfly.

* * *

The very hairs of Mary Pickford's head are numbered, and each one is worth a dollar.

HAROLD SETON.

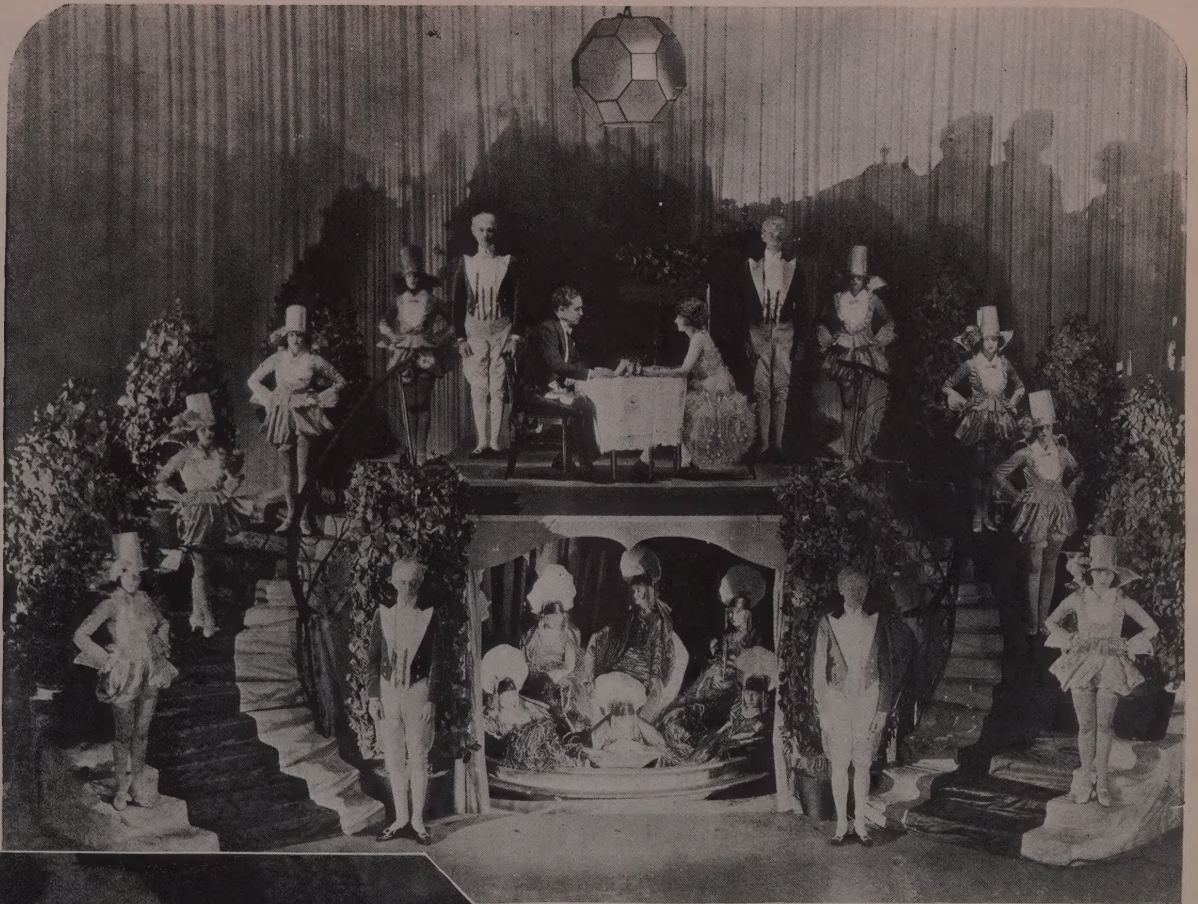


Photo Abbe

One of the prettiest and most novel features of Irving Berlin's dazzlingly beautiful "Music Box Revue" is a dancing act called "Dining Out." Ivy Sawyer and Joseph Santley, pictured above, are the diners. They arrive at the restaurant where they are welcomed with great ceremony, seat themselves at the table which is then hoisted to the balcony as shown. Then, up from the archway underneath, come the delicacies they are to eat. First the oysters, as seen above, followed by all the other dishes in proper sequence

SCENE IN "THE MUSIC BOX REVUE"



Photo White

Amidst all the musical rubbish, Broadway has now a chance to hear genuine melodies with Mitzi (Olga Cook) as she listens to Franz Schubert (Bertram Peacock) sing the original "Thine Is My Heart"

SCENE IN "BLOSSOM TIME" AT THE AMBASSADOR

GENTLE SCHUBERT MELODIES AND BROADWAY JAZZ



THE takings of a musical play in a Broadway theatre, as given officially, for one week recently, were a little short of \$32,000. In one week! Another musical show received at the box-office for the week nearly \$28,000. As much as \$19,000 was taken for another play, and the weekly receipts graded down till, when one entertainment took in only \$4,600, it was sadly declared that the play did not seem to stand much chance of survival. The interest in these figures lies in the fact that there was a time, not so very long ago, when, even at \$4,600 on the week, in a moderate-sized house and with a company of manageable proportions, both as to numbers and individual salaries, it would not be inconceivable that the enterprise might pull through. But those were the times when a young man could go to a theatre with his sweetheart and a five-dollar bill, and after paying for orchestra seats, would still have carfare home. High prices of admission have their defenders, but let it not be overlooked that in the week referred to, only one attraction in New York played to \$32,000, out of about forty listed.

A SWEET young thing with a Philadelphia paper in her hand pushed past me in a Times Square ticket broker's office the other afternoon and coyly asked for two matinee seats for the new play, "Monkeyshines." The young man behind the counter was wise in his business. He merely said, "Four dollars, please!" and handed her tickets for "Tarzan of the Apes."

THE old-fashioned waltz is again coming into favor in the ball-room, although the fox-trot, the widdle-waddle, the toe-toggle and other terpsichorean exercises of the paralytic school are expected to hold their own for some little time yet. There was a rumor along Broadway that the revival of the waltz was a publicity stunt for the benefit of "The Merry Widow," but this is not confirmed by Mr. Savage.

LOEW'S new State theatre has a superlatively beautiful interior. Just think of some of the theatres built within the past four or five years, and picture to yourself their start. "O. D." walls, private boxes like police-station cells, gaunt prosceniums and forbidding staircases, and you cannot help being grateful to one theatre-builder for recognizing that a playhouse should be a thing of downright beauty. The average new-idea, jail-like theatre in New York, may be hygienic and a holy terror to germs, but then

so it is to any human auditor whose artistic taste is not hopelessly primordial.

IT is announced that Seymour Hicks is coming to New York again, under the management of David Belasco. Hicks is a prime favorite in London. It will be curious to see what New Yorkers of today, will think of this very English actor who first came to America with the Kendals, in 1889. He is Piccadilly through and through—appearance, manner, voice, humor and all.

WHEN a play which has been a great success in former seasons is revived, it is the customary plaint of the all-wise ultra-modernists to assert that the plot offends our up-to-date ears by "creaking," that the dialogue and situations are old-fashioned, and that those of the original cast who appear in the new production are not convincing in their old parts. But it will be noticed that nothing of this kind is said about Belasco's revival of "The Easiest Way." This pre-war drama of real life has lost none of its grip in the odor of moth-balls, and Frances Starr brings the tears and imparts the electric thrills just as she always did. It is a good thing that some old plays will bear revival. Otherwise, what would become of Shakespeare? He'd be as dead as Sardou.

WHY stage directors are such poor actors themselves is one of the mysteries of the theatre. Although they would not admit it themselves, their performances demonstrate the fact. While they fetch and carry emotions for others, they lose their own no doubt, for acting is two-thirds conceit and one-third stage direction.

THREE jinx accidents, which Aaron Hoffman did not write into his three-act comedy, "Two Blocks Away," occurred the second night of its existence, to mar its action, disconcert its actors, and upset the audience. First of all, in a scene between Marie Carroll and John Cope, Mr. Cope accidentally dropped his cigarette and it started a small blaze on a wooden bench before which they stood. They put out the fire before any serious damage was done. Then, in his best and most effective climax scene, Barney Bernard, familiarly known as "Abe Potash," but now "Nate Pommerantz," cut his hand badly when, in a soliloquy before a mirror, he smashes the glass, in a rage, with his cane. The audience, a bit unnerved by the sight of flowing blood, was forced to watch it flow unchecked while Mr. Bernard

made a short curtain speech. Returning to the stage in the next scene his injured hand was patched up with court plaster, which persisted in coming off and showing the bleeding knuckles. In the last scene, Marie Carroll and Mr. Cope fell again under the shadow of the jinx. The back rod of a big Morris chair in which Nate Pommerantz was to fall asleep, persisted in dropping out, and Mr. Cope, assisted by Miss Carroll, worked at it for several minutes in dead silence. Finally, exasperated, Mr. Cope managed to keep it together in a haphazard way, and Mr. Bernard, undoubtedly warned off stage, was obliged to fall asleep in it sitting up, rather than lean back and go crashing to the floor. Altogether, some night!

I HAVEN'T the nerve to recommend it to other singers," said Galli-Curci, of the Metropolitan Opera the other day, "but I always drink water during *entre'actes* when I am singing, and, strange to say, I find it satisfies my thirst."

THE son of John Hays Hammond sat next to Louise Closser Hale at a dinner party. Their conversation drifted to theatrical topics and the young man said: "There's an old woman in 'Miss Lulu Bett' who is a scream. I've gone to see her seven times. Have you seen her?" "No," replied Mrs. Hale, "I've heard about *Mama Bett* but I've never seen her." And the young man did not know until next day that he had been talking to "Mama Bett" herself.

THERE is one theatre in town—a so-called intimate playhouse—that as an object lesson in what theatres should not be, might well be worth the attention of the Board of Health. Created like a cave, an underground room, small, dark, and absolutely without means of ventilation, it is a menace to the health of theatregoers. It is an extremely small, narrow and dark room, built like a basement, with the windows close up against high, brick walls on either side. At one of its recent performances, there was no way for a breath of air to enter, with windows and the one small door tight shut, and not even electric fans in evidence to stir up the air a bit. The atmosphere was close, stifling, and the air foul and heavy. After each act, those in attendance rushed from their seats and out into the air. They could be seen pacing up and down the sidewalk, filling their lungs with clean air, before they settled down for another act.



Photo Alfred Cheney Johnston

HELEN MENKEN

Playing Shakespeare at the age of six, and from there to Broadway farce, via vaudeville—that, in brief, is the versatile record of this actress who, in "The Triumph of X," at the Comedy, gave an exquisitely beautiful and gripping performance of the girl Phillis—a portrayal not to be forgotten

LOLA FISHER

As the angler for a husband in "Honors Are Even," this personable young star—so long identified with the Clare Kummer comedies—dominates the play



Ira L. Hill

DORIS KEANE

This popular actress, whose versatile talent has too long been confined to "Romance," is about to appear in a new play "The Czarina," written around the highly colored career of the Great Catharine of Russia



Photo White

LILLIAN TASHMAN

"A Bachelor's Night," is the title of the new farce in which this star appears this season. Other recent appearances have been in such sophisticated plays as "The Gold Diggers," "Come On, Charlie," and the screen version of "Experience"



Photo Ira L. Hill

HELEN HAYES

In "The Wren," this charming young actress has another of those Booth Tarkington adolescent heroine rôles which suit so well her personality



STARS WHO TWINKLE ON BROADWAY

HAROLD SETON

Literature held the interest of this actor when he first came here from Tasmania. He has contributed articles to many magazines, among them *The Theatre*. He then turned to the stage, and had two seasons with Leo Deltrichstein, leading to an engagement with the "Poppy God," his versatility ranging from the rôle of a French fop to a Chinaman



Photo Aldene



Photo Ira L. Hill

JOHN WESTLEY

Scheduled for a leading rôle in "The Straw," a play by Eugene O'Neill, opening here this Winter, this well-known farceur is now playing the part of the husband in "Duley." He was in the original production of "Twin Beds"



Photo Pach Bros.

FRANK MORGAN

This actor, who played Robert Knowles' "The Triumph of X," is a brother of the author, Carlos Wupperman, who was killed in Germany in 1919, Morgan being his stage name



Photo Ira L. Hill

JOSE RUBEN

This prominent actor, seen here as he appeared in "Swords," is usually identified with picturesque rôles. A Frenchman by birth, he was once a member of Sarah Bernhardt's company and, in addition, he has the honor of being Mary Nash's husband, having appeared with her in "Thy Name Is Woman"

ACTORS WHO ARE IN THE LIMELIGHT

"DULCY"

Comedy in three acts by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly

THIS comedy of bromides made a decided hit in Chicago, and now history seems to be repeating itself, for New Yorkers are registering their approval of it also. The following excerpts are printed by courtesy of George C. Tyler, under whose direction, with H. H. Frazee, it is presented.

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THE leading character of the play is a tactless, bromidic young married woman, who persists in saying and doing the wrong thing at the wrong time. She gives a week-end party, to which she invites a mixed assemblage—persons who cannot possibly find anything in common with one another. Then she arranges her program for the three days so that every guest shall be thrown with the wrong companion, and plans entertainments which bore and which in no way satisfy the people gathered under her roof. She does not, however, confine her activities to spoiling the fun of the guests, but she also makes trouble, unintentionally, for all concerned.

One of the guests happens to be a powerful and influential man, who her husband, for business reasons, wishes to cultivate and please. Dulcy, or Dulcinea Smith, which is her proper name, meddles, however, injects herself into the business end of the party, and for a while it looks as though her husband faced financial ruin. She makes matters worse by aiding and abetting the important guest's only daughter in eloping with a hare-brained scenario writer, who is also a guest at her house party, and by helping along a flirtation between the financier's wife and another guest. Affairs straighten themselves out when it is learned that the eloping daughter did not, after all, marry the scenario writer, but Dulcy's brother, instead, when a lost pearl necklace is found by a servant and restored to its owner, and when Dulcy, further meddling, manages somehow to fix up the strained relations existing between her husband and the financier.

Dulcy, on the eve of her house party, discusses, with her husband, the guests she has invited.

DULCY: Vincent—is coming.

SMITH: Vincent?

DULCY: Yes.

SMITH: Vincent—Vincent, who the devil is Vincent?

DULCY: Vincent Leach? Don't you remember? You and I met him at Mrs. Peabody's last week—you know, the big scenario writer.

SMITH: Oh yes. Is he coming here?

DULCY: Yes. Isn't it wonderful?

SMITH: But look here now—Dulcy, will you leave those flowers alone, and come here and talk to me?

DULCY: Just a minute, darling.

SMITH: But, dear, why do you want to mix this man Leach up with the Forbes? Vandyck may be all right, but—

DULCY: Ah! That's the secret!

SMITH: But I don't like—secrets. This isn't a—game.

DULCY: Promise you won't tell—cross your heart.

SMITH: (Does so). Yes, yes.

DULCY: Well, then—Vincent and Angela—like each other.

SMITH: You mean—Forbes' daughter?

DULCY: (Nodding). Isn't it wonderful? So I invited them both here so they'll have the whole week-end together. And at the same time he can meet her parents. You never can tell what will happen.

SMITH: But, Dulcy dear—you don't know Angela so well, and—this man Leach—what do you know about him?

DULCY: Don't you see?

SMITH: No.

DULCY: Can't you guess?

SMITH: No.

DULCY: Well, if Angie likes Mr. Leach, and marries him—

SMITH: Yes.

DULCY: And I fix it—

SMITH: Well?

DULCY: Well—I'm your wife—

SMITH: Now, Dulcy dear—

DULCY: That will make Mr. Forbes so grateful that he'll have to give you more than 16 2/3% of the percentage. (Referring to a business deal between Mr. Forbes and Smith).

SMITH: Good heavens, Dulcy—now—

DULCY: I figured it all out myself.

SMITH: But you don't understand, dear. Try to see my position.

DULCY: But I do see it. You need Mr. Forbes' help, and I'm going to get it for you.

SMITH: I need it in a business way, and as it's only in a business way, I feel that I ought to handle it alone—in office hours, don't you see?

DULCY: Well, Mr. Forbes is taking advantage of you and I'm not going to let him—that's all!

SMITH: But that isn't the point. In the position that I am I have to go ahead with it. I wouldn't want anything to happen. Don't you see, dear, if I'm not in that merger, I'll lose everything—!

DULCY: But only 16 2/3 per cent—it's such a funny number, too. I don't see why you couldn't get a nice even number—like twenty-five or even fifty?

After Smith and his wife get through discussing business and he exacts a promise from her that she will not meddle in his business again, their guests begin to arrive. Dulcy is left alone with Forbes:

DULCY: I've got the most wonderful day planned out for you tomorrow. You're going to play and play and play!

FORBES: Me! Thank you very much—but you know I—

DULCY: Oh, but you play golf, don't you?

FORBES: Well,—ah—thank you. It's been so long since—

DULCY: You'll love our links—they're wonderful.

FORBES: Yes, but I've been having a lot of trouble with my back lately and—

DULCY: Oh, really, that's too bad! What you need is exercise. It would be the finest thing in the world for you. Now, you



Photo White

Act I. Dulcy (Lynn Fontanne) outlines to her husband (John Westley) another one of her hare-brained schemes.

DULCY: I know all about him. He's a big scenario writer, and just the man for Angie. He's—he's so practical, and she's a dreamer. Opposites should marry—you know that, darling.

SMITH: But, Dulcy, now—

DULCY: And what else do you think? I'm going to get him to help me with some of my scenarios while he's here.

SMITH: But why dear—?

DULCY: To make them better.

SMITH: No, no—I mean—why are you trying to match this fellow Leach with Angela. What do you care about it?



Photo Hixon Connolly

MARY NASH

After a tour in "Thy Name is Woman"—which took her as far as the Pacific Coast, and in which she is pictured above—this popular actress returns to Broadway this Winter in a new play under the direction of W. A. Brady

play nine holes with Mr. Van Dyck first thing in the morning.

FORBES: But, really, Mrs. Smith—

DULCY: You remind me so much of Gordon—that poor darling. You know he hardly gets any exercise at all—he works so hard, the poor boy. I don't suppose he's told you, Mr. Forbes, but he's really got a lot of things on hand.

FORBES: Why, no—

DULCY: Mr. Forbes, you might just as well know—it isn't only the pearl business. He has lots of other interests, too.

FORBES: What's that!

DULCY: It's really asking too much of him to make him give up all these other things to come into the jewelry combination—that is, unless it were made worth his while. Of course, if he just got 16 2/3 per cent, he couldn't afford to give up all his time to it—no! He'd have to look after his other things, too, and you'd be the loser and—

A little later Leach, the motion picture scenario writer, arrives, and Dulcy permits him to bore her other guests with endless talk of his work:

LEACH: Yes, we're going to do some of Shakespeare's things next.

DULCY: Shakespeare's? Well—

SMITH: Really!

LEACH: Yes, I'm at work on this continuity now, and I was telling my director yesterday—I said, "You know Shakespeare has a tremendous feeling for plot. Of course, the dialogue is stilted for modern audiences—but then you don't have to hear that in the pictures. But he's still the master."

DULCY: He's going to organize his own company.

BILL (*her brother*): Who—Shakespeare?

DULCY: No, Willie! What ignorance! Shakespeare is dead!

LEACH: Yes—the Vincent Leach Productions, Inc.—the stock will be placed on the open market very soon—

DULCY: Oh, Mr. Van Dyck can tell you how to do it. He owns lots of moving picture companies—don't you, Mr. Van Dyck?

VAN DYCK: Well, I'm interested—in a small way.

LEACH: I'd enjoy talking to you about it later. And how about you, Mr. Forbes? Didn't I hear that you were interested in pictures?

FORBES: I don't care a damn about pictures.

LEACH: What's that?

FORBES: I said, I make jewelry.

LEACH: Well, of course, that's very necessary, too, in its way.

Dulcy then arranges a rubber of bridge, which none of her guests care to play. Angela and Leach go out into the garden together. Mrs. Forbes and Van Dyck carry on a mild flirtation to Mr. Forbes' keen annoyance.

Angela and Leach return from their walk through the garden:

ANGELA: It was cool, wasn't it?

LEACH: Was it?

ANGELA: Weren't you?

LEACH: No—I was—afire, afire with love for you, Angela.

ANGELA: Why, what are you saying?

LEACH: Oh, those deep burning eyes, and the mystery of your hair. Angela, you're wonderful! I love you! Almost from the first moment I saw you, I've loved you—wanted you—longed for you! Why, I patterned my newest heroine just after you—to be with you is to breathe the perfume of exaltation. Angela!

ANGELA: Vincent!

LEACH: I am offering you myself—everything that I am—Oh, it's true that I've knocked about some. A good many girls have loved me, but I have never loved any but you, dearest. Say that you love me—a little—even though that love is now no greater than the glow of a single fire-fly in the fading day.

ANGELA: Oh, Vincent—my genius.



Photo White

Act II. The financier (Wallis Clark) informs Dulcy that he is disgusted with the way she has scrambled his affairs.

LEACH: My sweetheart. My wonder girl! Will you marry me? And the day? Love cries for its own.

ANGELA: Whenever you say—Vincent.

LEACH: Why not—ah—but you wouldn't.

ANGELA: What?

LEACH: Why not now—today—tonight—

ANGELA: Tonight?

LEACH: Yes—why not—elope!

ANGELA: Elope! Oh, but mother and father—

LEACH: I'm thinking of them. Your father would not understand.

ANGELA: Don't you think so?

LEACH: He doesn't know how our hearts cry for each other.

ANGELA: But he might never—

LEACH: Darling, since the beginning of Time hearts have been broken because they were

not brave. And think how romantic it would be—you and I stealing away in the night—just we two—together.

ANGELA: Oh, Vincent.

LEACH: Angela, dear.

ANGELA: And we'd not tell anybody? Oh, Vincent, I'd have to. Mother and—

LEACH: But not your father!

ANGELA: No, I shan't tell father. But, mother—and Mrs. Smith. We'll need 'er.

LEACH: Just think of it, Angela, you and I eloping! Won't the world be surprised.

Dulcy enters.

DULCY: Oh, excuse me. I haven't interrupted anything, have I?

LEACH: Why—no.

ANGELA: Why—yes.

DULCY: Can I guess it? Angela, oh, Angela. Oh, if this isn't the most wonderful thing I've ever heard. It's—it's—it's—it's wonderful, that's all I can say. I'm so happy I could cry. Good news affects me that way. Vincent, I may call you Vincent now, mayn't I?

LEACH: Of course!

ANGELA: Mrs. Smith—we're going to need your help.

DULCY: Yes, darling, of course.

ANGELA: Now, it's a secret, and you must promise that you won't tell anyone.

DULCY: Why no—I wouldn't tell a soul.

ANGELA: Well—Vincent and I—are going to elope.

DULCY: E—elope?

ANGELA: Tonight.

DULCY: T—t—tonight? You mean—run away and get married? Why—why—why—why—that's wonderful—that's just marvelous! I never heard of anything like that! It's—it's—it's—why, it's—

ANGELA: Now, remember—you're not to tell a soul.

DULCY: Oh, no, I wouldn't tell anybody, no—How soon are you going?

ANGELA: Just as soon as we can, aren't we, Vincent?

LEACH: Yes! If we can get away.

ANGELA: We want you to help us.

DULCY: Of course. You—you—you—should tell your mother. She'll be crazy to know about it.

ANGELA: Oh, yes.

DULCY: I guess she must have gone out there. My, I'm so excited I don't know what to do next! I just feel like jumping up and down!

Dulcy's brother Bill enters.

DULCY: Willie, what do you think! Vincent and Angela are going to elope!

ANGELA: Oh! And you promised—

LEACH: Now you've—

DULCY: Well, it—it just came out before I could help it. But—but Willie won't tell anybody. You won't tell anybody, will you, Willie?

BILL: You're going to elope?—with Mr. Leach!

ANGELA: Yes.

VIOLET HEMING

Beloved by theatre fans, who recall her clever work in "The Naughty Wife," "The Love Drive," "The Lie," "Under Cover," "Under Fire," and "Three Faces East," this popular leading woman deserves a better rôle than the one she has in "Sonya"—a stereotyped peasant girl who charms a somewhat vapid Prince

Photo Ira L. Hill



Photo Miskin

LILLIAN ALBERTSON

Who, after a long absence, has again returned to Broadway in her present highly emotional rôle in "Six-fifty"



Photo Ira L. Hill

HILDA SPONG

This well-known leading woman—an English-woman by birth—is an old favorite with our theatregoers. This season she appears in a new play—Caillavet and de Flers' comedy, "The Fan," at the Punch and Judy



Photo Ira L. H

KATHLEEN COMEGHS

As proud of her ability to make good, old-fashioned Southern waffles, as she is of her success in "The Man in the Making," Miss Comeghs comes from Shreveport, La. She has appeared in "Potash and Perlmutter," and "The Thirteenth Chair"

LEADING WOMEN IN NEW ROLES

BILL: I won't tell a soul.
 DULCY: See?
 ANGELA: Thank you.
 BILL: *Where* are you going to elope to?
 ANGELA: Why—*where were we*, Vincent?
 LEACH: I hadn't thought about it just yet.
 DULCY: There are lots of places—
 BILL: How about a marriage license?
 ANGELA: Why, I don't know—Vincent?
 LEACH: Well, I thought we might find some place—
 BILL: Going to take your father's car?
 ANGELA: Yes!
 DULCY: You could have had mine—but I broke it.
 BILL: (*To Dulcy*). I suppose this was your idea!
 DULCY: Well, I did help.
 BILL: Oh, yes, I could tell. (*Again to Angela*). Well, after you get this license and find a minister—
 DULCY: Willie, you could help them some way, couldn't you? You know where to get a license and everything.
 LEACH: Do you?
 BILL: Why—yes.
 DULCY: See, that's just why I told him.
 BILL: I live in—Bronxville, and I know the Borough clerk. We could go to his house and get a license.
 DULCY: Oh, that would be lovely.
 ANGELA: Yes.
 LEACH: Yes.
 BILL: Yes. Then I could drive you wherever you wanted to go and bring the car back—that is, if Mr. Leach wants it brought back.
 DULCY: You see. Everything is working out fine. Now I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll—ah—we'll—ah—what do you suggest, Willie?
 BILL: Is everything ready?
 DULCY: They just have to get their bags. Vincent, now you go out and find Mrs. Forbes and tell her, then we'll all meet in the garage in ten minutes. I'll go up and get Angela's things for her. Now let me see—

They depart. Later, when Mr. Forbes learns of his daughter's elopement he is enraged, because he heartily despises Leach. To add to the trouble, Angela's pearl necklace is lost or stolen, and a relative of Schuyler Van Dyck, one of Dulcy's guests arrives, and informs the Smiths that Van Dyck, who has led them to believe that he will finance any business deal Smith may have in mind, is laboring under a hallucination that he is a millionaire. The curtain goes down on the second act with everything, apparently, in a hopeless tangle.

The following morning when Dulcy comes downstairs and greets her guests:

DULCY: Good morning, everybody. All ready for breakfast? It's a lovely day, isn't it? Has anyone been out? The sun is shining; it's just good to be alive. How do you feel this morning, Mrs. Forbes?
 MRS. FORBES: I'm rather depressed.
 DULCY: Depressed? Well, you mustn't be. I have some wonderful news for you. Yes, it's a surprise. Who do you think will be here inside an hour?
 FORBES: A couple dozen reporters, I suppose.

DULCY: A bridal party.
 FORBES: So they are married!
 DULCY: Yes. Willie phoned me just now. He said they had trouble getting in touch with the license clerk. I suppose all those people are like policemen—when you want one you never can find one. Anyway, they got him up at last and they were married at midnight.
 MRS. FORBES: Midnight!
 FORBES: By a Justice of the Peace?
 DULCY: No, indeed. By Dr. Carmichel—he's one of the finest ministers in Westchester. Willie knows him awfully well, and I suppose he did it as a special favor. Wasn't it nice of him?
 FORBES: Yes, I appreciate it.
 DULCY: So now you have a genius in the family, Mr. Forbes.
 FORBES: Is he returning the car?



Photo White

Act III. *The supposed millionaire* (Gilbert Douglas) is shown, by his guardian (George Alison), to have hallucinations.

DULCY: Oh, of course—they'll be here any minute now—the happy couple.
 FORBES: You can give them—the bridal suite.
 DULCY: But—but where will you sleep?
 FORBES: I shall be returning to town as soon as the car arrives. Mr. Smith, I hope we can have a little talk before I go.
 SMITH: Just as you say, Mr. Forbes.
 DULCY: Now, now, no business before breakfast. Come along—let's all go in before the grape fruit gets cold.

After breakfast, when the guests are again assembled in the living room, Angela rushes into the room from the French windows:

ANGELA: Father!
 DULCY: Well, here she is.
 FORBES: Angela!
 MRS. FORBES: Angela, oh Angela!
 ANGELA: Oh, mother—father!
 DULCY: Well—?
 FORBES: Are you—married?
 ANGELA: Yes, father.

MRS. FORBES: Oh, she's married!
 FORBES: Well—where is your husband? Answer me, Angela!

Bill enters.

SMITH: Hello, Bill.
 DULCY: Oh, hello, Willie.
 FORBES: Where is Leach?
 ANGELA: I don't know, father.
 FORBES: You don't know? (*To Bill*). Well, perhaps you can tell us!
 BILL: (*Shaking his head*). I'm sorry.
 FORBES: Didn't you help to arrange this wedding?
 BILL: Why—yes.
 FORBES: Well, don't you know where the groom is?
 BILL: Sure—I'm the groom.
 FORBES: You're—why—why—what's that?
 DULCY: Gr-gr-groom—Willie!
 SMITH: What?
 MRS. FORBES: Why—why—Angela—
 DULCY: Well—well, tell us about it. Good heavens! Willie! Just think.
 ANGELA: Oh, it was just the most romantic thing that ever happened in the world. William—William just kidnapped me, that's all! Oh, William!
 FORBES: Are you a—genius?
 BILL: I should say not.
 DULCY: He's a broker. Isn't it wonderful!
 MRS. FORBES: Oh, Charlie. (*To Mr. Forbes*).
 SMITH: Well, what about Leach—where is he?
 BILL: I don't know.
 DULCY: Don't know?
 BILL: We started from here together all right—but—sh—down the road apiece I suddenly thought my tail-light was out. Mr. Leach was kind enough to get out and see that everything was alright; suddenly the darn thing started. I tossed his suitcase out to him—I don't think you'll ever see him again.
 FORBES: You're pretty damn clever.
 DULCY: I introduced them!

Angela and Bill leave the room together; later the butler, at first suspected of theft, returns the pearl necklace which he found; and matters begin to get straightened out:

DULCY: Oh, think of Angie being a married woman, and Willie a married man. Now, Mr. Forbes, you know 16 2/3 percent. isn't very much—now he's a relation—a brother-in-law.
 FORBES: Well, I will admit I wasn't very generous about that deal of ours, or very just. Smith—
 SMITH: Yes sir.
 FORBES: What do you say to coming in with me for twenty percent?
 DULCY: Twenty!
 FORBES: Well, then, twenty-five.
 DULCY: Twenty-five!
 SMITH: Dulcinea, that satisfies me.
 DULCY: Does it? Well, if it satisfies Gordon—I don't mean to interfere, dear. I never will again. You can rely on me. A burnt child dreads the fire—once bitten, twice shy. (*Smith embraces her and stops her with a kiss*)

CURTAIN



Photos Abbe

JOSEPHINE ROYLE

One of the daughters of Edwin Milton Royle, author of "Launcelot and Elaine," who, as "the lily maid of Astolat," inspired so much sympathy and sadness that more would have been unendurable

PEDRO DE CORDOBA

As Launcelot, this distinguished player's acting was marked by alertness to detail effect, and notable because of its authoritative interpretation



POETIC DRAMA IN GREENWICH VILLAGE

HENRY WAGSTAFF GRIBBLE

"March Hares" is this author's second full-length play to be presented on Broadway. "The Outrageous Mrs. Palmer," was his first



GILBERT EMERY

The author of "The Hero," is an actor as well as a playwright. He appeared in "Scrambled Wives," and was leading man for Alice Joyce in the screen version of "Cousin Kate"



THOMAS P. ROBINSON

The author of "The Skylark"—a Boston architect—entered the play-writing field through designing scenery

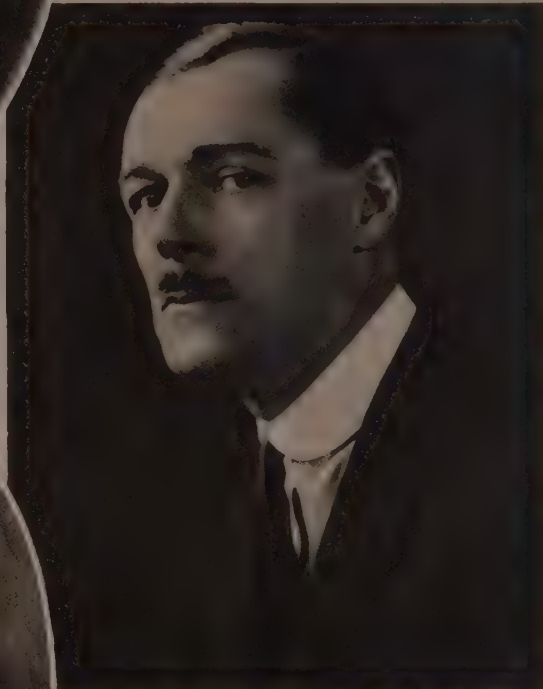


Photo Waid

Photo Charlotte Fairchild



Portrait by Victor White

SIDNEY HOWARD

The author of "Swords" is a Californian, and served during the war as aviator



Photo White

WILLIAM ANTHONY MCGUIRE

The author of "Six Cylinder Love," had his first play produced while he was a student at Notre Dame University



Photo White

WILLIAM LE BARON

The author of "Nobody's Money," "The Love Letter," etc., keeps to his record of turning out four plays a season

NEW PLAYWRIGHTS CAPTURE BROADWAY



LYNN FONTANNE

As the bromide Dulcy in the play of that name, this English protégée of Ellen Terry shows herself a comedienne of the first rank. She sketches this very humorous rôle with a sweet, persuasive, kindly gentleness that disarms all opposition

FLORENCE
O'DENISHAWN

In "The Spirit of the Cyclamen Tree," in the Ziegfeld Follies, this dancer gives a remarkable demonstration of terpsichorean virtuosity

Photo Nicholas Muray



HUBERT STOWITTS

This American dancer in Pavlova's ballet is thrice blessed: not only has he a splendid physique, but masculine beauty; and a fine sense of rhythm



Photo Nicholas Muray



Photo Nicholas Muray

HELEN GRINELL

This dancer, formerly at the Criterion, is at present charming out-of-towners with her graceful litheness, in "Aphrodite," now on tour

FAMOUS DISCIPLES OF TERPSICHORE



Photo Davis

M L L E . M A R L E Y

An outstanding feature of the Fokine Ballet at the Hippodrome this season is the remarkable dancing and striking pantomimic work of this talented Russian artist, a pupil of the Chalif School



LUCILLE LA VERNE

Not only manicures the nails of her idle, luxury-loving Mistress in "Back Pay," but answers telephone calls as well



MABLE STANTON

"Hannah" is the good, old name to which this maid responds when called for in "Honors Are Even," to serve luncheon or bring a stage cocktail



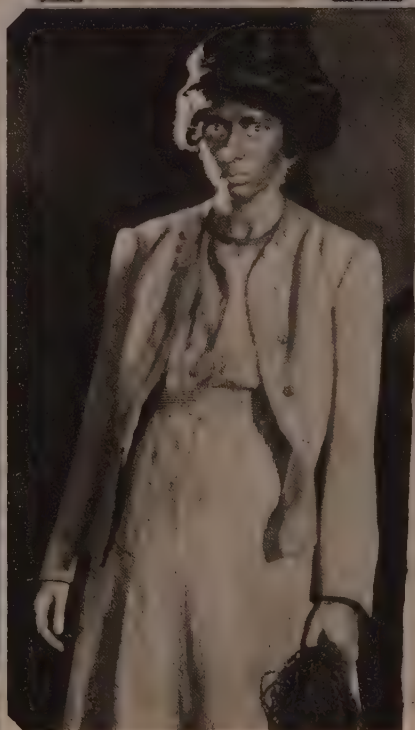
ADELE ROLLAND

As the French maid, in "Getting Gertie's Garter," looks quite entrancing in her chic service uniform



MRS. JACQUES MARTIN

This maid is not young and petite, but she is a favorite with the family she has served for so long in "The Triumph of X"



LEILA BENNETT

Rubs off the burnt cork of "The First Year," and accepts service as Norah Rooney, in "The Wheel"

Motif by Margaret Vale



MARION KERBY

As the colored maid in "The Fastest Way," knows as much about pawnticketts as she does about her mistress' gorgeous gowns

R I N G F O R T H E M A I D



Photo by Goldberg

VIOLET KEMBLE COOPER

This young member of an old English stage family, who carried away from the Barrymores the honors in "Clair de Lune," has again given evidence that she is an artist to her finger-tips. As Helen in "The Silver Fox," she presents a startlingly vivid portrayal of the wife of a popular novelist whom she does not love

CLARA BERSEBACH

"The beginnings of a great actress"—that's how one critic wrote of this young débutante seen in last year's Ziegfeld Follies. A New Yorker, she first took up law, but deserted Blackstone for the stage, where her success promises a leading part on Broadway this Winter

Photo Edward Thayer Monroe



Photo Pach Bros.

DORIS KENYON

Back from the movies? Yes, Doris prefers the legitimate. She appears this season in "The Love Chef," and before that, was in "The Girl in the Limousine"



BEATRICE TREMAINE

Pretty? We'll say she is! Anyhow, you can judge for yourselves, for this favorite of the silver screen makes her first bow to Broadway—in person—in a new play this season



Photo White

THEDA BARA

Not so wicked after all, is she? Certainly not, judging by this picture which shows the Queen of the Vamps as she appears in vaudeville

SCREEN FAVORITES AND A STAGE DEBUTANTE

MR. HORNBLLOW GOES TO THE PLAY



EMPIRE. "BLOOD AND SAND."
Play in 4 acts by Tom Cushing.
Produced Sept. 20 with this cast:

Garabato	John Rogers
A Room Attendant	Edward Norris
Dr. Ruiz	Louis Calvert
Alvarez	F. D. Eaton
Juan Gallardo	Otis Skinner
Don Jose	William Lorenz
Antonio	Guy Nichols
Encarnacion	Octavia Kenmore
Senora Josefina	Eleanor Seybolt
Rosario	Madeline Delmar
Juanillo	Fred Verdi
Pepe	Martin Broder
Dona Sol	Catherine Calvert
El Nacional	Romaine Callender
Marques De Miura	Chas. N. Greene
Condesa De Torrealta	Shirley Gale
Dona Sarasate	Cornelia Otis Skinner

AS far as the men are concerned, expert exponents of the emotional drama, in these days, are few and far between. For the truly capable, we must turn to those who gained their valuable education in the days some time past. One of these, not as young as we would have him, but by the glint and glamour of his assured art successfully hiding his years, is Otis Skinner, who returns to the stage of the Empire to enact with bustling grace, emotional elation and vivid feeling the rôle of Juan Gallardo, premier matador of Spain.

It is an established axiom that the successful dramatizations of books are infrequent, but in this case it is only fair to record that from the voluminous pages by the Spanish novelist, Blasco Ibanez, Tom Cushing has evolved a straight-forward, serviceable drama depicting with skill and gripping theatrical force the essential high lights in the life of the intrepid bull fighter, who, loving above his station, met his untimely fate through his mad infatuation. He is seen in all the vain-glorious effrontery of his pampered adulation—ignorant, superstitious, boastful and sensual. He falls under the spell of Dona Sol who treats him as a mere experience. To win her back by his daring, he throws prudence to the winds, is gored by a bull and dies in the arms of his wife who deceives him, the delirious matador believing it is

Dona Sol who is soothing his final moments.

In the depiction of these various moods, Mr. Skinner acts with compelling enthusiasm and fine technical resourcefulness. It is a characterization brilliant in its illuminating detail. It is a large and competent company that has been engaged for his support. Catherine Calvert plays the siren. Were her physical restlessness curbed, the impersonation would gain in distinction. But it is an alluring picture of seductiveness which she presents. The faithful, devoted wife is acted with moving force by Madeline Delmar, while clear-cut sketches are presented by John Rogers as the matador's fatalistic dresser, Louis Calvert as the doctor who glories in the sanguine features of the Corrida, Octavia Kenmore as a shrewish sister and Romaine Callender as a picador, the hero's faithful and devoted friend and comrade.

GEORGE M. COHAN'S. "A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT." Play in 3 acts by Clemence Dane. Produced Oct. 10 with this cast:

Margaret Fairfield	Janet Beecher
Hester Fairfield	Ada King
Sydney Fairfield	Katharine Cornell
Bassett	Lillian Brennard
Gray Meredith	Charles Waldron
Kit Pumphrey	John Astley
Hilary Fairfield	Allan Pollock
Dr. Allott	Arnold Lucy
Rev. Pumphrey	Fred Graham

EVERY now and then there comes along a play that commands instant attention, a play that takes hold of your imagination, your entire mental and physical being, with a grip of steel—a play harrowing in its theme, perhaps, merciless in its philosophy, yet as vital and soul-searching as any of the sociological dramas of Ibsen or Strindberg. You may not agree with the dramatist's conclusions, you may leave the theatre with an unpleasant taste in your mouth, but you will agree that here is a great play, flawlessly written, superbly acted, a play that you must see at any cost.

The thesis is this: Is a woman justified in obtaining a divorce, re-

marrying and closing her heart to all pity if her shell-shocked husband, confined in an insane asylum for sixteen years, recovers his reason and comes home completely cured? The action takes place in the England of tomorrow—the year 1932—when the author, for the purpose of her play, has Parliament enact a law permitting a woman to divorce a man who has been pronounced incurably insane.

Margaret Fairfield married Hilary Fairfield when she was only seventeen. She realizes now she never loved him. But it was war time and she was carried away with war enthusiasm. Hilary goes to France and is badly shell-shocked. A strain of insanity in the family aggravates his case, and, pronounced incurably insane, he is committed to an asylum where he remains sixteen years.

Margaret, meantime, has devoted her life to bringing up her daughter, Sydney, a saucy, cigarette-smoking flapper of the approved 1932 model. Cheeking her rather phlegmatic mother and her old-fashioned aunt, whose life is made a burden by what she considers her niece's scandalous behavior, Sydney has theories of her own concerning life, especially in regard to eugenics and babies—theories discussed quite freely with Kit, a nice, wholesome boy who thinks that he'd like to marry her. Margaret, the mother, tired of her lonely life, has become deeply attached to Gray Meredith—a robust, handsome, wealthy neighbor. They are to be married in a few days. Margaret looks forward to a new life of love after the tragedy that has darkened and embittered her days.

It is Christmas morning. The bells are chiming. Margaret has gone to church. The telephone rings. Sydney answers and learns, to her consternation, that Hilary, her father, has escaped from the asylum and is on his way home. The doctors admit they could not keep him, anyway, as he is completely cured.

Presently, Hilary comes in—still

in the forties but shabby, tired looking, white-haired; a pitiful, broken figure of a man. He does not know Sydney, but inquires for his wife. Presently, when Margaret returns from church, he stands there, arms extended, waiting for a warm welcome after his return from the dead. Margaret's welcome is of the chilliest. Has this man come back only to rob her of her promised happiness? Hilary sees that he is not wanted and asks what he has done to deserve such treatment. She admits she never loved him and is about to marry another. He is furious and threatens to kill the man. Then he calms down and throws himself on her mercy, reminding her of his suffering and that this is the only home he has. Conscience-stricken, Margaret for a brief moment, sees where her duty lies. She soothes the poor forlorn figure sobbing at her feet, and writes Gray that she will not marry him.

But the good resolution does not last. The attraction for the man she really loves is stronger than the sense of duty to the father of her child. At this critical juncture, it is the sophisticated flapper who steps in to solve the difficult problem. True to her eugenic convictions, she has declined to marry Kit. Is there not insanity in her blood? She will not bring babies into the world. Her mother shall go to marry the man of her choice, while she (Sydney) will stay and comfort her father.

It is difficult to tell with which of his protagonists the dramatist herself has most sympathy. But there can be no question as to where sympathy belongs. Common humanity gives it not to the slacker-wife, so intent on her own selfish happiness that she cares nothing about what may happen to her young daughter and the husband she swore to stand by "for better or for worse," but to the poor, broken devil who served his country well on Flanders fields. All one can hope is that, once married, Margaret's new husband turns out a wife beater. She will have richly deserved it.

Janet Beecher plays with reserve and quiet dignity the part of the callous, self-seeking wife. Charles Waldron is satisfactory as the cad of a lover too intent on his own happiness to heed the suffering of another. Katherine Cornell is wholly delightful as the cheeky, young

flapper and Ada King contributes another of her admirable old-maiden-aunt portraits.

HENRY MILLER. "THE WHITE-HEADED BOY." A comedy in three acts by Lennox Robinson. Produced Sept. 15 with this cast:

Mrs. Geoghegan	Maureen Delany
George	Sydney Morgan
Peter	Harry Hutchinson
Kate	Norah Desmond
Jane	Suzanne McKernan
Baby	May Fitzgerald
Denis	Arthur Shields
Donough Brosnan	J. A. O'Rourke
John Duffy	Arthur Sinclair
'Delia	Gertrude Murphy
Hannah	Christine Hayden
Aunt Ellen	Marie O'Neill

THOUGH it might appear that "The White-Headed Boy" would primarily be of interest to those of the country from which he hails, he is so admirably introduced by the celebrated company of Irish players from the Abbey Theatre of Dublin, that he cannot help but find a place in every one's heart. The Irish players know how to act. There is nothing theatric about them. They live their rôles, and love them, and have got close under the skin of them. They are all excellent comedians, and interpret cleverly all the little colloquialisms used by Irish men and women, and, of course, they know well the Irish character.

The audience is taken straight into the kitchen of an Irish family, and what they witness is a chunk out of the lives of its members. A white-headed boy, in Ireland, means the spoiled darling of a household. Arthur Shields is this particular petted son, whose mother makes all the members of the family sacrifice themselves to his needs and desires. Shields is a good-looking Irish lad, with a gladsome manner, but the best acting of all was that done by Sydney Morgan in the rôle of the eldest son, on whose shoulders fall all the burdens of the family. He is so natural in his annoyance and anger, and his furrowed face so quickly takes on genuine expressions of dismay, that it is a delight to watch his every action. Marie O'Neill, in a character rôle of an old-maid aunt, has been much criticized for her farcical work, being charged with buffoonery, but, taking her work all in all, it is quite on the same high plane as the other members of this excellent company. Not to go and see this play is to admit that you have no taste for the best the theatre has to offer.

RITZ THEATRE. "BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE." Farce in 4 acts by Alfred Savoir, Englished by Charlton Andrews. Produced on Sept. 20 with this cast:

The Marquis De Briac	Ernest Stallard
Lucienne	Anne Meredith
John Brandon	Edmund Breese
Monna	Ina Claire
Albert De Marceu	Barry Baxter
Mlle. George	Leonore Harris
M. Kay	Jules Epailly
A Secretary	Philip Tonge

THIS farce was written by a Frenchman who shares the almost universal continental belief that all Americans are multi-millionaires, able to acquire everything that fancy dictates—even the purchase of as many wives as they desire. John Brandon, a part played by Edmund Breese, in a decidedly breezy manner, is the Yankee type as seen through Boulevard spectacles. He has already survived seven wives—chiefly by way of the divorce court—and now, while stopping at the hotel in Biarritz, he is attracted to the lovely daughter of the impecunious Marquis de Briac. The American doesn't allow his amatory plans to be delayed by a formal proposal. He goes straight to the impecunious Marquis and declares bluntly that he has decided to marry his daughter. The French nobleman is struck dumb as well he might be, but what can he do? Creditors are pressing him closely and after all, it's a wonderful match for his daughter. Monna thinks so, too, and she consents to become Mrs. Brandon the eighth on condition that, in case of any rupture, he settles on her 400,000 francs—a mere bagatelle as the exchanges go.

When Act II opens, the couple have been married six months and quarrels are incessant. Callers who visit the apartment are alarmed at the violence of the American's temper, evident by loud shouting in the closed bedroom, accompanied by smashing of bric-a-brac. Brandon, by this time, is sick of his bargain and is ready to get out and go hunting for his ninth. Monna, meantime, encourages the attentions of Albert de Marceu, who seeks an adventure but is seriously alarmed for his own safety when Monna entertains him at a champagne supper in her bed-room. John Brandon, jealous, pretends to go on a journey, but, returning secretly, surprises Monna and her companion. Not too drunk to fear the husband's wrath, Albert is at his wits end. The re-

sourceful Monna comes to the rescue. She has an idea. "Get undressed," she commands. "Everything?" he gasps. "Everything, including your pants." So Albert crawls under the covers and lies shivering when Brandon bursts in the room.

From here on the play begins to lose interest because it drops the satire and becomes sentimental. Innocent of wrong doing, Monna is really in love with her strenuous husband and has resorted to this manoeuvre to win John's affections, in which she succeeds.

Ina Claire handled very skillfully and with considerable charm the rôle of the wife. Edmund Breese acted with vigor the rôle of the husband, but seemed a trifle mature for the part. Barry Baxter, remembered in a somewhat similar rôle in "One Night in Rome," was excellent as Albert.

NATIONAL. "MAIN STREET." Play in 4 acts, from Sinclair Lewis' novel, by Harvey O'Higgins and Harriet Ford. Produced Oct. 5 with this cast:

Dave Dyer	Bert Melville
Sam Clark	William T. Clark
Adolph Valborg	Charles P. Bates
Vida Sherwin	Marie Pettes
Juanita Haydock	Marion Hutchins
Cy Bogart	Clif Heckinger
Myrtle Cass	Marvee Snow
Rita Simons	Ruth G. Clark
Maud Dyer	Eva Lang
Erik Valborg	Norval Keedwell
Guy Pollock	Everett Butterfield
Dr. Will P. Kennicott	McKay Morris
Carol	Alma Tell
Mrs. Clark	Maud Nolan
Ezra Stowbody	Elmer Grandin
Harry Haydock	Boyd Agin

I AM that *rara avis*, a man who finished "Main Street." Without going into the unnecessary question of how many nods the book cost me en route to the end, I can say that its dramatization achieves the unusual distinction among stage products of its kind of being the equal of the novel in all respects and its superior in many. In other words, Harvey O'Higgins and Harriet Ford have done a good job. I don't see how they could possibly have done better with the material given them, inasmuch as "Main Street," the novel, though punctuated with a variety of dramatic episodes which are used to good effect in the play, is as guiltless of plot as Gopher Prairie of culture.

The play is to the novel very much as the *camera obscura* is to a broad landscape. It condenses and so seems to perfect. It embodies the same pungent satire on language and behaviour for which Mr. Lewis' book became a best-seller in towns that wanted to see themselves as others did. The opening lines of the first act, Dave Dyer and Sam Clark's conversation about the weather, suffices to give us the "Main Street" atmosphere, that Mr. Lewis is at pains to develop over hundreds of pages; again, a few moments of Sam Clark's dull chatter about the number of miles he went in his flivver gives an audience ample conviction that these people before it are dull and hopeless.

For the rest, we find ourselves with two important characters to observe, quite enough for dramatic purposes, inasmuch as Doc Kennicott represents all Gopher Prairie and Carol all opposition to Gopher Prairie. The clash is the clash between these two, and the play-makers are clever enough to have dwelt on this one theme and nothing else.

The effort to bring in a scene actually on Main Street meets with slight success. The first act is largely for this reason weak and unreal. The set (a poor one) suggests a Number 3 "Way Down East" troupe. Not until the second act do we get a sense of actuality when in the Kennicott home we behold Carol's party to the "set" under way, and, in a subsequent scene in their bedroom, witness a marvellously done quarrel between the too-eager Carol and her admirably good-natured husband. I have seldom seen in the theatre a more masterly depicted "slice of life" than Act 2 of "Main Street." Thanks to the almost inspired playing of Alma Tell and McKay Morris, its realism rises head and shoulders over anything that comes to one out of the pages of the novel.

The cast is admirable throughout. Mr. Morris gives an extraordinarily real performance of the amiable, uncouth Kennicott and Miss Tell has brilliant moments as his wife. One has the difficult task of having to sympathize with both of them even in their opposition to each other, and it is a tribute to the play and the playing of these two performers that the sympathy problem is handled admirably throughout. Also worthy of special notice are William

T. Clark as Sam Clark; Eva Lang as Maud Dyer, and Everett Butterfield as the lawyer Pollock.

MUSIC BOX. "Music Box Revue." Spectacular entertainment in two acts. Words and music by Irving Berlin. Produced Sept. 22 with these principals:

Florence Moore, Joseph Santley, Sam Bernard, William Collier, Ivy Sawyer, Wilda Bennett, Emma Haig, Richard King, Chester Hale, Helen Newcombe, Hugh Cameron, Rose Rolando, Paul Frawley, Helen Lyons, and others.

A WONDERFUL show in a superlatively beautiful new theatre—that was the verdict regarding the entertainment in the new music hall built by Sam Harris and Irving Berlin in West 45th Street.

New York has so many luxuriously appointed theatres that the acquisition of one more does not necessarily excite us even when the usher that escorts you with fine dignity to your seat wears white satin knickerbockers. It's the show that concerns us most here and that, my masters, is something to gaze at. For sooth, such ravishingly beautiful tableaux, such gorgeous costuming, such a wealth of comedy and spectacular freshness, such a piling up of Pelion on Ossa of everything that's decorative, dazzling, harmonious, intoxicatingly beautiful in the theatre—all that and more was handed out in a programme that seemed to have no ending!

Sam Bernard and William Collier are the chief fun makers. In their act "Nothing But Cuts" and again in "Home Hunting," their gift for impromptu humor is seen at its best. The rehearsal scene is a trifle long, but so funny it's worth it.

Florence Moore is a sheer delight in an amusing act "Under the Bed" and again covers herself with laurels in a clever curtain monologue. Joseph Santley and Ivy Sawyer are charming in an elaborate feature "Dining Out" with novel stage devices, and in "Words Mean Nothing" an amusing feature of Act II, Wilda Bennett, Wm. Collier, Joseph Santley all distinguish themselves.

The tableaux are truly superb, notably "The Fan" with its striking background of black silk and flashing jet. "The Ball Room" with its dancing numbers, "The Legend of the Pearls" with Helen Lyons, all add to the astonishing array. Altogether, some night!

AMBASSADOR. "BLOSSOM TIME." Musical play in 3 acts. Music from melodies of Schubert. Book and lyrics by Dorothy Donnelly. Produced Oct. 3 with this cast:

Mitzi	Olga Cook
Bellabruna	Zoe Barnett
Fritzi	Dorothy Whitmore
Kitzi	Frances Halliday
Mrs. Kranz	Ethel Branden
Greta	Emmie Niclas
Baron Franz Schober	Howard Marsh
Franz Schubert	Bertram Peacock
Kranz	William Danforth
Von Schwind	Eugene Martinet
Binder	Lucius Metz
Erkmann	Perry Askam
Count Sharnoff	Yvan Servais
Hansy	Irving Mels
Novotny	Robert Paton Gibbs

IF the rafters of the Club Montmartre begin to ring with the melodies of Franz Schubert that much, at least, will have been done in the good cause of American culture by "Blossom Time." This deftly done musical play (imported from the Continent) will bring good music to thousands for the first time in their life. It is a pity that Herr Schubert's music should have been somewhat distorted by paraphrasing and done frequently in tempos ex-cruciating to the highly susceptible ear, but it is there just the same, wholly recognizable and wholly lovely. For all of which, the ingenious idea of writing a musical show around the life of a great composer is responsible. At least, if we haven't a Schubert today, it's far better to seek some way of using the good music of an old master than always the dull and empty stuff that pours year in and year out from Tin Pan Alley.

Of all the Schubert *lieder*, his exquisite "Serenade" is most faithfully rendered in an admirable number by four friends of the master who sing for him in the Prater the masterpiece he has just composed. Again, Schubert himself, sings his "Ave Maria" as he composes it in feverish haste to the dictation of an inspiration that surges to him from the skies. These are the best musical moments of the play, though every number is captivating. It is, perhaps, unfortunate that the master's greatest *chef d'oeuvre* should have been used for the worst garbling, a motif of the rare "Unfinished Symphony" being woven into a waltz sufficiently intact to make the time of it a bit harrowing to anyone familiar with the original.

"Blossom Time" is good entertainment. Though barren of genuine comedy lines, enough laughs are to

be found from William Danforth's saying, "Suspicious!" to keep an audience in good humor. Incidentally, there are a few good dramatic moments that do not seem as ridiculous as those usually sandwiched into musical productions. Bertram Peacock, as a remarkably true-to-life Franz Schubert, is at his best in those scenes when, plunged into hopelessness over his vain love for a girl who is betrothed to another, he turns to his "eternal mistress," Music, for consolation.

The production has been well put on and directed, and Mr. Peacock's fellow singers are, for the most part, well in the picture. Howard Marsh is a pleasing Franz Schober, handling his numbers in excellent taste but using a peculiar *fortissimo* every now and then while singing that is injurious to the effect of ease that he otherwise conveys. Olga Cook made Mitzi, the heroine, a very real person, and sang well. Yvan Servais handled admirably a small dramatic part. But honors go to William Danforth for accomplishing that difficult task of making a humorless comedy part appear enormously amusing.

Don't miss "Blossom Time!"

GLOBE. "THE LOVE LETTER." Musical play in three acts. Music by Victor Jacobi. Libretto by William Le Baron. Produced Oct. 4 with this cast:

Michael	Townsend Ahern
Julien	Henry White
Head Waiter	Charles Lawrence
Eugene Bernard	Will West
Countess Irma	Marjorie Gateson
Miriam Charlot	Carolyn Thomson
Madame Charlot	Katherine Stewart
Richard Kolnar	Fred Astaire
Aline Moray	Adele Astaire
Philip Delma	John Charles Thomas
Waiter	Elliott Roth
Bus-Boy	Roger Davis
Marie	Alice Brady
Gina	Irma Irving
Zena	Dorothy Irving
Betty Parker	Jane Carroll
Ambassador	Tom Fitzpatrick

IF opening night indications can be regarded as important, a real operetta will be one of the dominating features of the present season. This will be welcomed by those who still recall the delights of Gilbert and Sullivan and rejoice in sheer melody, beautiful voices and romantic plot. All these are to be found in "The Love Letter," which is founded on a modified version of the Franz Molnar comedy "The Wolf," known previously as "The Phantom Rival."

The production, as a whole, gives one the impression of abundance

and distinction. The cast includes many gifted players; the settings by Joseph Urban have the distinctive charm that is nearly always his. Then, too, there are rich countless nuggets of humor stowed away in the William Le Baron dialogue and in the lyrics.

The plot is slightly reminiscent of "The Tales of Hoffman," for the hero appears in three different guises, as a famous diplomat, a great soldier, a renowned artist and a lackey. These changes gave John Charles Thomas unrivalled opportunities for showing his skill as an actor and singer. He has, above all, the personable qualifications which make him an ideal romantic hero, and, in addition, a voice of great beauty, clear, even in quality, and capable of taking on great tonal warmth.

Other melodious numbers were "Twiddle Your Thumbs," "I'll Return For You," the lovely waltz, "We Were In Love," "Upside Down," and "Dreaming." Surely this is a goodly number of hits for one show.

Individual hits must be credited to those captivating dancers, Fred and Adele Astaire, who have developed a fine comedy power; Will West, happily returned to America, and attractive Marjorie Gateson and Carolyn Thomson.

BELASCO. "THE RETURN OF PETER GRIMM." Play in three acts by David Belasco. Produced Sept. 21, with this cast:

Peter Grimm	David Warfield
Frederick	John Sainpolis
James Hartman	George Wellington
Andrew MacPherson	Joseph Brennan
Rev. Henry Batholomew	William Hoag
Col. Tom Lawton	John F. Webber
Willem	Richard Dupont
Kathrien	Miriam Doyle
Mrs. Batholomew	Marie Bates
Marta	Marie Reichardt
The Clown	David Malcom

OF the two psychic dramas of this early season, the revival of "The Return of Peter Grimm," in which David Warfield appeared for the first time ten years ago, is, of course, the most notable. Mr. Belasco's play, in which the old dutch tulip grower, Peter Grimm, returns to take back, after death, the unfair promise he exacted from a young niece, during his life, is of exceptional interest for several reasons.

First and foremost of these, of course, is the appearance of Warfield, always an especial favorite
(Continued on page 416)

TONY SARG ALSO GOES TO THE PLAY



"Every man should rule his own game of Patience," says the ancient proverb, or at least if it doesn't, it ought to. Infatuation ripens into deep disgust at a moment like this, and Lord Porteous, in "The Circle," played by John Drew, says so with as much brutality as the drawing room permits, to Lady Kitty (Mrs. Leslie Carter), whose vixenish tricks don't seem nearly so enthralling as they did thirty years ago when he eloped with her. And it doesn't improve matters any, as he points out, to have her ex-husband, played by Ernest Lawford, blowing down his neck.



No matter what the good people do they can't throttle Mrs. Jones, the malicious gossip, played by Alice Johnson, who causes all the trouble in "Thank You." She is one of the most trying evils the nice minister has to contend with, but he may as well get used to it; the public is going to if the deluge of Main Street dramas continues, for the gossip is the mainstay of the drama of our old home towns.



Here we present Bertram Peacock in "Blossom Time" in the full flower of his vocal cords as *Franz Schubert*. He offers a great moral lesson to modern composers on Broadway if they are interested in that sort of thing, for even after his epoch-making serenade he doesn't swagger. The play proves among other things that Schubert realized that his *Moment Musical* would never be safe from toe dancers.

Florence Moore has played in bedroom farces so long that she knows now just what the well-dressed bed should contain. The men under the bed in "The Music Box Revue" are of no particular importance except to her husband in the piece, as she indicates when she gives the order, "Every man for himself."



SCARLET ROLES OBJECTIONABLE TO WOMEN

Laura Hope Crews finds no fun in pretending to be just plain bad

By CAROL BIRD



IT is not a pleasant matter—this being branded with the Scarlet Letter—even in a play-world back of the footlights. No matter that the shameful mark is visible only during a few hours of acting, it sears even in that short time. The rôles of wanton women—especially when those wantons have no redeeming features—are not enviable ones. There isn't any fun in pretending to be just plain bad, even though it helps along the box-office receipts.

Whenever an actress or an actor, for that matter, depicts in a play a character which is not fine, but in whom baseness is all too apparent—an immoral woman, a thief, a trickster, a liar, a swindler, a vampire—there are those in the audience who wonder how she or he cares for such a rôle. How can the well-known actress feel any sympathy for the unlovely type of woman she portrays? Why does the popular actor want to be, though only for a short space of time, a crook? Would they not prefer to be cast in different rôles—delineate fine men and women, with likeable, noble, kindly characteristics?

Laura Hope Crews, who has turned down many rôles because she absolutely refuses to portray despicable types, answers all of these questions. Miss Crews, who is at present playing the part of a charming, clever, amiable wife in "Mr. Pim Passes By," at the Garrick, tells humorously of some of her battle scenes with managers and playwrights who tried to force upon her rôles she disliked.

STILL retaining much of the archness of manner, and whimsical mannerisms which she brings into her rôle of Olivia Marden, in the Theatre Guild production, Miss Crews, after a matinee performance, sat in her dressing room and reminisced about "parts"—parts she had adored, those she had loathed, some she had refused, and others that she most assuredly intends to if they're ever offered her.

"Fortunately, managers and producers have permitted me to be a 'nice woman' most of the time," said Miss Crews. "I've been allowed to stick to straight comedy, and have pretty well managed to stay out of the paths of wickedness. But I've been bad several times. Oh, yes, indeed! There was my rôle in "The Havoc," for instance—a terrible rôle. How I loathed it! I was the immoral wife, who was vile enough to be guilty of misconduct under her husband's roof. I disliked that wife exceedingly, and, believe me, I had nothing in sympathy with her.

"I always try to find the fine qualities in characters which I portray. It makes everything so much easier. When I find something likeable about a woman I am to be, I can put ever so much more sympathetic, genuine interest into my work. I tried so hard to find one single streak of goodness in the wife of 'The Havoc,' but I couldn't. She

was simply a bad woman, unprincipled, lacking in all moral understanding, satisfied to be just bad and nothing more. I never woke up in the morning, during the run of that play, nor went to bed at night, but what I dreaded the thought of going through another performance.

"Once I was summoned to a well-known manager's office, and he greeted me affectionately. I had never before been greeted so by a manager. Somehow I have always been treated with dignity and respect. No manager, up to that time, had ever called me 'Dearie'. I had heard that many actresses have these experiences, but they had never been mine before. Though it annoyed me, I felt that I was merely having one of those little disagreeable experiences that others had had, and turned the subject into business channels.

THE manager was enthusiastic. He had a wonderful part, for me, he said. I asked him quietly to explain. He burst out:

'Well, you see, it's this way, you're to be a very sophisticated woman, and teach the Goldie Girls the ways of the world. Fine thing! Great! You'll like it.'

"I was stunned, rendered speechless. The Goldie Girls—though, of course, this is not their correct names—had nothing to learn from anybody about the world, as far as I could see. They knew their little old world from A to Z, and then backwards. But I didn't go into detail. I just murmured something about feeling that I couldn't teach the Goldie Girls a single thing, and left that office in a hurry.

"Then there was the time I had an offer that made Mother exceedingly indignant. Dear old girl, she's the most precious mother in the world, but absolutely devoid of a sense of humor. Why, I recall, even when I was a little girl, and came home with what I thought was a funny yarn or recital about something or other that had happened, Mother would look serious and say something like: 'Why it can't be possible!' I used to practice all sorts of funny things to tell her just to see if I couldn't possibly make her laugh, but I never succeeded."

Miss Crews picked up a small photograph from her dressing table, and studied the fine, pictured face, with its many interwoven lines, affectionately.

YES, Mother was terribly angry when I came home and told her about this particular rôle that had been offered to me. You see, when I was summoned to the manager's office, Mother sent me forth with good wishes for a splendid rôle. She and I have always, more or less, entered into a conspiracy of putting a good jinx on any business appointment I have ever had. Well, we crossed our fingers for luck, and I went out with high hope in my heart.

"Somehow, I had some sort of a premonition that all was not going to be well when I entered that manager's office, and found six or seven smiling men assembled there, together with the author of the play. The author opened the conversation thus:

'My dear Miss Crews, we have just the part for you. I was determined that no other woman should portray this particular character of my new play. It's a splendid opportunity for you.'

"As I welcome 'splendid opportunities', I smiled, bowed myself happily into the office, and sat down.

"Go on, please, I'm interested," said I.

"Well," interrupted the manager, 'it's this way. In this play you're to be a fallen woman, and at midnight you accost a man, handing over to him a pair of—'

"But he got no further. I was disgusted. I had been asked to play the rôle of a street-walker. It's an ugly word, but somehow there doesn't seem to be as good a substitute. I can't recall exactly what I did. I only remember that I got up, murmured something to the effect that I wouldn't do at all for the part, and hurried home to break the sad news to Mother.

"Well, my dear, what is it to be this time?" she asked, smiling expectantly. 'A woman of the streets—just a common girl of the streets,' I told her, and then the storm burst. I never told her again about any offers like that. She was satisfied that I had bowed myself out of an engagement, though, in that case.

VICIOUS women are not the only types I hate to portray. I dislike being cast as a stupid, weeping, or vapid woman. I particularly dislike to be a weeping, tearful woman. Though my part in 'The Tyranny of Tears,' with John Drew, was the best of all the crying rôles, I could have liked it better had the tears been unnecessary. However, that wife who tyrannized over her husband by touching the tear-tap every time she wanted to gain anything, or make him concede to her wishes, wasn't exactly stupid, even though 'teary.' She was clever, in her way, shrewd and designing.

"There have been times when I've had to portray just stupid women—women without intelligence of any sort, or wit, or humor. I'm impatient with that type of woman in real life, and so I am not keen to imitate her.

"But the many times I've been cast as a clever, keen, woman, possessed of sparkling wit and resourcefulness, has made up dozens of times over for those other, less desirable rôles. I like and admire the particular type of woman I delineate in 'Mr. Pim Passes By,' and so I'm happy every minute of the time. I look forward to each performance with zest. Olivia Marden is a woman of intellect. She is (Continued on page 432)

**BRONISLAW
HUBERMAN**

This Polish violinist, only a boy prodigy when last heard here, made his American re-appearance at Carnegie Hall, Oct. 17



(Detail)

EDDY BROWN

Talented American violinist heard in New York this season. He made his first appearance early this month in Carnegie Hall



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PAUL KOCHANSKI

Distinguished Polish violinist who made his debut here last February.



**FRANCIS
MacMILLEN**

After an absence of five years, due to war service, this American violinist made his first appearance in New York, Oct. 14



© Mishkin

(Oval)

**JASCHA
HEIFITZ**

The Russian wizard, who makes his first appearance in Carnegie Hall, Dec. 17

© Mishkin



FERENC VECSEY

Hungarian violinist, once a pupil of Joachim, who made his appearance at Carnegie Hall, Nov. 1



© Mishkin

ERIKA MORINI

In America for her second season, this Viennese artist will appear in recitals, also as soloist with the big orchestras



Photo Koshiba

FRITZ KREISLER

This popular Austrian violinist, long a victim of war conditions, returns here to exercise again his potent personality

VIOLINISTS WHO WEAR THE PURPLE

IN THE SPOTLIGHT

(Below)

RALPH SIPPERLY

This snappy comedian, who made a decided hit as the automobile salesman in "Six Cylinder Love," is nothing if not versatile. He has been a member of minstrel troupes, choruses, ballets, has appeared in 250 musical comedies, stock companies, and operas. His more recent work was in "Nothing But the Truth," "A Prince There Was," and "The Meanest Man in the World"



Photo White

BLANCHE FRIDERICI

After a number of years of teaching dramatic art, Miss Friderici, whose work as the crotchety mother, is one of the outstanding features of "The Hero," joined a stock company. She has handled many character rôles, among them parts in "Zarah," "Omar the Tent Maker," and "39 East"

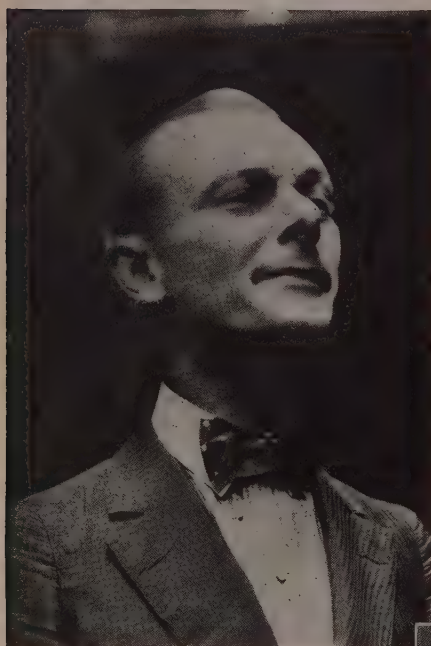


Photo White

(Right)

ALEXANDER ONSLOW

Who has the rôle of the chief temperamentalist of "March Hares," is an Englishman. He gives an exhibition of temperament which is explosive, and maintains a continuous whirlwind speed which delights his audiences throughout the entire play. He came to America in 1914 with Cyril Maude, in "Grumpy." He has played the lead in "The Cinderella Man," "Her Country," "Honor of the Family," and "French Leave"



Photo White

BECKY CAUBLE

North Carolina girl who made a decided hit as the bride in "Tangerine"



Photo Apeda

RONALD ADAIR

Brought over from London especially to play the part of Tarzan, in "Tarzan of the Apes," this actor was associated for several years, in his early stage days in England, with Bombardier Billy Wells, heavyweight boxer in a vaudeville sketch, knuckle fighting. For the last eighteen years he has been on the stage, with the exception of two years under Chas. B. Cochran as master of ceremonies at his championship boxing contests in London. He will have a strong character part in "The Right to Strike"



Goldberg



Photo Ira L. Hill

LUCILLE CHALFANT

This young coloratura singer, who has been heard frequently in New York, has taken a flier into the vaudeville world, with a dainty singing act. She calls it "An Impression of Jennie Lind," and, costuming it accordingly, succeeds in presenting an astonishing lifelike impersonation of the famous Swedish singer, as may be seen by the above. The songs she has selected include the "Semper Libera" aria from "La Traviata," and "Home Sweet Home"

WORTH WHILE PICTURES OF THE MONTH

By FRANK VRBELAND



TRICK photography was esteemed in the kindergarten phrase of the films as their most distinct hall-mark of genius. It enabled the movie producers to achieve effects that had hitherto been possible only on the wildest dreams of a comic supplement. If a man was shown hurtling through the heavens after an explosion, the spectators gasped, "When will wonders cease?" That passed, and gradually people seemed to have grown ashamed of having gaped when a man turned his head completely around on his shoulders and walked off the scene smiling.

And now, suddenly, the trick pictures are swarming about us again—the films are entering upon their second childhood. Double exposures are more numerous than Hollywood scandals. This is the era of the two-faced star. The notable feature of it is that the most important cinema *illuminati*, while press agents stoutly asseverate that all film artists are absolutely on the level off the screen, have taken to leading a double life on it. About the only celebrated figure who has not undertaken the dual rôle is Douglas Fairbanks, and some day we may yet see him being knocked out by himself—obviously the only man who could do it. And these ditto delineations of players have imparted to themselves some of the quality of magic by advancing beyond the ordinary film duplication and showing the star actually coming into contact with himself, instead of keeping away from his alter ego as though he had the plague.

PROBABLY from the standpoint of this multiplication of herself, Mary Pickford surpasses all other examples of the device in "Little Lord Fauntleroy," wherein her charm transcends the laws of physics and occupies two places at the same time. Obviously this adaptation by Bernard McConville of Frances Hodgson Burnett's well-remembered tale is intended primarily for children, so the two-fold thrust of Mary upon the sight is quite in order—for the little ones can't have too much of Mary's molasses hair and honey smile. The dual effect enables Mary to play the rôles both of the little lord and of his mother, and so ingeniously have the exposures been made that she is shown passing around herself, handing herself a photograph, and kissing herself—the latter regarded as the nightly exercise of some celluloid stars before retiring. Anyone who does not say "Ah!" at these moments is considered lacking in the finer sensibilities.

Again, Miss Pickford is in one of the Cinderella rôles with which she has challenged the hum-drum, for the film version follows like a faithful dog, the original sentimental tale of the lad who overcame the stubbornness of a titled and gouty grandfather with a saccharine sweetness that was permissible before the pure food standards were extended to literature. There is a touch of mental therapy echoing, "The Dawn of a To-morrow," in the earl's sudden forgetfulness of his gout, while there are spacious and enchanting views of a baronial English castle, inside and out, with no hint of the heavy taxes on them.

Mary is most alluring as the mother, curled and costumed after the fashion of old New York—of which there are amusing glimpses—so that she suggests a Spanish galleon in full sail. The delicate dignity of her performance makes her figure part of the fragile bric-a-brac of the screen, and demonstrates that she can now indulge in the luxury of putting up her hair before the camera occasionally. As the little lad, Mary displays a sturdy swagger that is apparently loaned for this engagement by courtesy of Douglas Fairbanks. But even with her fighting face on, Mary seems hardly likely to scare a tomboy girl. Velvet trousers cannot disguise her feminine countenance. Possibly, adult male spectators may blush for the time when doting mammas tried to

coerce them into curls like that, and small boys who met such a youngster on the street would want to rub his nose in the mud—but that won't keep them from going to see the picture.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN conveys the effect of a double exposure in "The Idle Class," though as a matter of fact, Chaplin never really meets himself socially on the screen. A double appears to have been used in scenes where another star might have taken the extra salary by doubling himself. But this comedy, written and directed by Chaplin, himself, permits him to appear in two incarnations, first in the tramp make-up that may some day be carved on his tomb in Westminster Abbey, and again as an absent-minded swell, attired impeccably even to the athletic underwear which he wears in mistake for trousers. Because of the facial resemblance to the dude, the tramp is mistaken for him at a fancy dress ball by his wife, and there is the deuce to pay—that is, everyone is kicked heartily.

Aside from this masquerade there is little real contact with the so-called "idle class," and Chaplin seems to have been content to let this short-length picture filter rather casually through several incidents now well-hardened in gelatine, rather than take a full-bodied story and make it misbehave. Even so, the familiar is generally introduced with a novel twist, and the tramp's golf game and his dream of rescuing the fair damsel are so deftly turned as to brook no resistance to their risible power. Less of the usually concomitant vulgarity and slapstick are evident here than before, and Chaplin's seemingly unstudied and suggestive pantomime clears the air with a constant electric storm of laughter.

IN "Three Word Brand," William S. Hart turns in the high score for the month by making a trinity out of himself. In the beginning, one sees Hart, the father, sending away his twin sons so he can have the centre of the stage as he dies valiantly in a thrilling frontier fight with Indians who bite the dust with much dash and style. Then Hart displays his facial ambidexterity by impersonating both grown twins, the one becomes Governor of Utah and the other a cowpuncher who ordinarily uses three words, though in moments of excitement he is apt to become reckless and utter six.

Lambert Hillyer, who directed and adapted this film by-product from a story by Will Reynolds, has fitted Hart with the kind of Western picture that has come to stick as closely to him as his shirt. It is lifted above this star's standardized output by a healthy glow of humor. That is particularly evident when the cowboy goes to Salt Lake City to impersonate his gubernatorial twin, forge a pardon for a friend and save the home folks from a land grab to round out the day's work. Some of the humor is a bit unconscious, for the cowboy, aghast at having been mistakenly kissed by the Governor's wife, keeps reckoning "he'd better light out" while he stands still for minutes on end and puts all his activity in bending his hat-brim.

Hart draws a clear enough line of cleavage between the two personalities, giving the cowboy a twinkle while steeping the Governor in so much dignity he reminds one of a totem pole. He makes his westerner as economical of gunpowder as of words, for he routs a band of outlaws with three inspired shots. One of the remarkable features of a noteworthy picture is the sight of Hart laying a brotherly hand of commendation on himself, which makes it easy for a star hereafter to pat himself on the back. Jane Novak plays the heroine attractively.



Charming, yet sturdy, in velvet trousers, Mary, as the little Lord, meets her, or his grandfather, the Earl of Dorincourt, a rôle played by Claude Gillingwater



Mary is most alluring as the mother, curled and costumed after the fashion of old New York

MARY PICKFORD IN "LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY"



FACADE OF THE MUSIC BOX THEATRE, ONE OF NEW YORK'S NEWEST PLAYHOUSES

Photo Culet

MARGUERITE NAMARA AND HER PLAYWRIGHT HUSBAND, GUY BOLTON, NOT FORGETTING PEGGY

This popular operatic artist, last heard here at the Stadium concerts in August, sings this winter with the Chicago Opera Company



Photo George M. Kessler

MARIE TIFFANY

Well known soprano who will be heard again at the Metropolitan Opera House this winter, and now touring this country in concert



MEZZANINE RECEPTION HALL OF THE NEW NATIONAL THEATRE



FEODOR CHALIAPINE

Famous Russian basso whom the Soviet Government has allowed to leave Russia so he may sing for the benefit of the famine sufferers

NEW THEATRES AND FAVORITE MUSICAL STARS



A scene from "The Golden Doom," produced by the Amateur Dramatic Club of Hongkong, China. The rich setting is in purple and green with a luminous blue sky showing beyond the door, when opened.



A production by the Amateur Dramatic Club is always one of the events of the Hongkong season. Their plays stimulate an interest in art in this Northern China colony, lifting the audiences out of the ordinary routine of life, often drab in the tropics. The sumptuous settings—the work of Mr. W. Sinclair, under whose supervision the plays are produced, contributed in no small measure to the success of Dunsany's "Compromise of the King of the Golden Isles," shown above. The set in red and gold lacquer, dimly lit in blue, is an unusually effective background for the gorgeous Oriental costumes worn by the players.

THE AMATEUR STAGE

By M. E. KEHOE

The Production of Greek Plays In Schools

By Edith Wynne Matthison and Charles Rann Kennedy

MODERN educational method, with its insistence upon the drama as the finest all-round means of developing human character and citizenship, is turning its attention once again, this time with the enriched experiences of scientific psychology, towards the drama of ancient Greece, which best exemplified those virtues. Travelling, as we frequently do, from college to college, we find this everywhere, and are invariably asked: How shall we awaken our students to the wonder of these unsurpassable masterpieces of antiquity? The answer is: Act them. Now the proper presentation of Greek plays, having due regard for classical integrity and modern appeal, requires a special kind of theatre—preferably an out-door theatre; and here our college authorities generally have a word to say about the expense. Moreover, with certain magnificent Graeco-Roman structures in mind, they often object: What's the use of marble backgrounds for Shakespeare or Bernard Shaw? Even for Greek plays, what use are they for the *Electra* of Euripides, the *Prometheus Vincit*? If there could be contrived, they say, some inexpensive affair, suited to every kind of play, ancient and modern; available also for such college functions as May-day festivities, commencement exercises and the like, the idea might be entertained. We consider the suggestion sound; and in the out-door theatre we are now building at Millbrook, in connection with our work in the drama department of the Bennett School of Applied Arts, we deal with it.

We must confess, however, that our out-door theatre comes rather in the way of a climax than a commencement. With the best will in the world to hide our Hellenic enthusiasms under the bushel of geographical inaccessibility, people keep finding us out; and they must be seated. Our present adorable Little Theatre, three years old, equipped with every convenience, still serves admirably our local audiences of five hundred; and for open air performances hitherto, there has always been the adjacent greensward with its auditorium of knoachers. But now that this outer world is knocking at our doors, especially during the months of May and June when we give the Greek plays, further effort is forced upon us. It is in the hope that our experience may prove helpful to other small communities, that we proceed briefly to describe our theatre, and something about the production of Greek plays for modern audiences. We will begin with the theatre.

* * *

AS may be seen from the plan on the page opposite, it includes a Stage, Orchestra, two Parodoi or entrances, and an Auditorium. The three former are of turf, perfectly level, well-kept, closely-mown: the latter of wood.

Commencing then with the stage, we are abolishing the customary marble facade altogether. It is costly: not fifth-century Greek: it limits the repertory. Instead, we are surrounding the stage with an arc of shrubs,

In the January Issue, Sheldon Cheney Will Write the Third in This Series of Important contributions to "The Amateur Stage" Department. His Article on THE OUTDOOR THEATRE and its possibilities is authoritative; and Colleges and Communities in general will find it inspirational

leaving openings for entrances, trees being planted at effective distances behind. Already, we have a forest in the rear; and the spot chosen takes advantage particularly of three big ash trees, twenty-seven feet apart, whose far-reaching branches lend a fine shadowing to the background. Two clumps of Lombardy poplars define the proscenium. This gives us a stage, thirty feet deep, seventy-eight feet wide. As it stands, it will serve for many outdoor plays and pageants. For Greek plays, it is easy to fix temporary structures, representing the palace of Oedipus or Admetus, Electra's hut, or the rocks of Prometheus.

The stage is raised two feet above the orchestra; and is approached by three concrete steps, each with a tread of fourteen inches, the topmost running off into the parodoi as a binding wall, the two lower terminating within the orchestra.

The diameter of the Orchestra is forty-five feet, including a narrow concrete walk all round, level with the turf. This gives ample space to set off the choral dances. We have been doing them indoors in a smaller area. The Parodoi are eight feet wide, and from the point where the wall deflects backwards, they rise gradually to the height of the stage, swallowing up the wall where the poplars begin.

* * *

THE Auditorium is constructed on five sides of an octagon, and will accommodate 950 people. This is the number best suited to our purposes and our purses. Each of the nine tiers rises fifteen inches, the depth being two and a half feet. At the four places indicated on the plan, there are steps, three feet wide. Five places are provided for the Priest of Dionysos and his acolytes. Lighting for the stage comes from small chambers underneath the auditorium at the points marked A: for the orchestra, from the points marked B. The stairways are for late-comers and exits: before the performance, the audience will be admitted by the parodoi. The altar of Dionysos in the centre of the orchestra is removable. The outside of the auditorium is treated on simple Greek lines, and stuccoed. Shrubs will conceal the stairways and other places: maples at intervals will encircle it.

So much for the theatre. Let us now turn our attention to that one of its several uses, the presentation of Greek plays—the tragedies in particular.

Now it must be remembered that a Greek play is not a Broadway production. It is a religious ceremonial, wrought to the loftiest

pitch of dramatic passion, spiritual significance and beauty. It is a Mass written for the cathedral church of Athens, and the ritual counts as much as the artistry. Let us therefore, in the first place, put in a plea for integrity to the author. Cutting, interpolation, re-arrangement won't do: to the Greeks "action" meant rather more than physical bustle, and it takes a lot of talent to improve on Sophocles. No, the long "talky" speeches must be spoken faithfully to the bitter end: the soliloquies, the moralizings, the "queer" dances, the stichomythies, all must be endured: and the result will be a thrill such as audiences today seldom receive.

When not played in the original, only the best translations should be used. If they have to be prepared specially, they should be done with an eye to actual performance by some scholar capable of actable English, who can convey ironies and subtleties of the spirit, as well as words. Differences of style should be observed: the Isaiah-like austerity, the archaism of Aeschylus: the sublime good form of Sophocles: the equally sublime vulgarity of Euripides; and the presentation keyed accordingly. The producer might well add classic understanding to his repertory of accomplishments, the knack of interpreting ancient thought without disruption of historic atmosphere. The actor might acquire classic tone and gesture to reveal his meaning, the serenity of the classic mask to hide his face. The costumes and accessories should result from a special course of study and invention, archaeological in the root, stylistic in the blossom. Lastly, there must be added an entirely novel scheme of musical composition; an attempt to revive or recreate something of the passion, the power, the compelling loveliness of the antique choral dance; and plenty of time.

* * *

NOW all of this lies well within the scope of any good modern school, if the departments work together: particularly so in schools devoted to the applied arts, rather than college preparatory courses. We ourselves are perhaps peculiarly fortunate in the co-operation of three such gifted artists as Miss Eleanor Clarke for our scenes and costumes; Mr. Horace Middleton for our music, and Miss Margaret Gage for the devising and directing of the choral dances. In illustration of our next point, we must mention further the work of Mr. Middleton and Miss Gage; because in all our experience of Greek plays, both in England and this country, we consider that they have solved most satisfactorily the difficult, but enchanting, problem of the Chorus.

The problem briefly is this: to find a medium, simple without thinness, primitive without pedantry, diversified without loss of unity, whereby to convey to modern audiences the passionate equivalent of an ancient religious and artistic emotion: all this by the aid of fifteen performers, singing and dancing at the same time, with simple instrumentation.

(Continued on page 436)



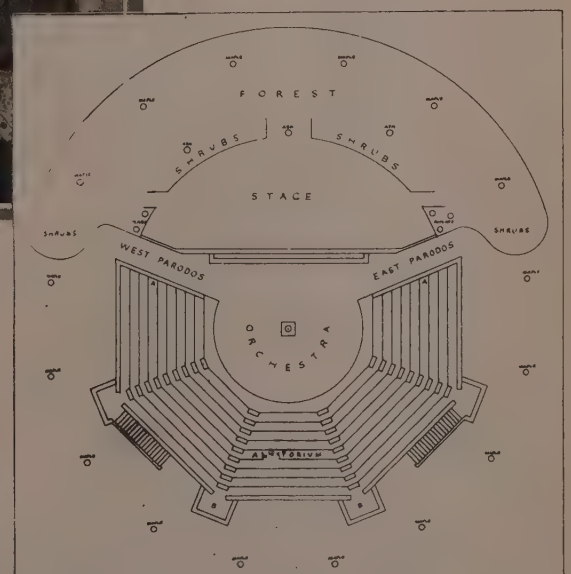
Photo Holsinger.

Above:
The lovely setting of the recently completed Greek Theatre at the University of Virginia, showing the University buildings in the background



Photo Alice Boughton

Above:
A Greek play produced by Charles Rann Kennedy and Edith Wynne Matthison, in the Little Theatre at the Bennett School of Applied Arts



Right:
Plan of the Greek Theatre at the Bennett School of Applied Arts, designed by Charles Rann Kennedy
Described on Opposite Page

Community Dramatic Activities

By ETHEL ARMES

Community Service, Inc.

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS

ALITTLE Christmas play that touches the heart and is perhaps destined to be given this holiday season in many communities is "Fiat Lux" (Let there be light), a modern mystery play in one act. It is simple, impressive and beautiful. There are but four characters with the "Christmas Waits,"—the group of carol singers.

The time is Christmas Eve of the present, and the place the interior of a one-room cottage on a mountain side. A fire burns fitfully in an open fire-place over which is the portrait of a woman. The play is so easily staged that it can be produced in any hall, large room of a parish house, or in almost any home. Could the stage actually open into outdoors, through door or window it would be especially effective.

The story of the play is simply the portrayal of an experience that has come to people everywhere since the Great War (as for centuries before!) when sorrow has shadowed countless homes. And in the age-old truth that Death opens the heart there is found the miracle that gives this play its pathos and its power.

The father in the play has not become reconciled to the heart-breaking death of his soldier son in France with the A.E.F. His motherless daughter, a crippled child, has also died after years of endless pain. They—and their mother—were all in all to him. Now there is nothing left—of life, or belief in immortality or Spirit of the Unseen—or in any kindness of thought or deed human or Divine. Christmas Eve finds the old man just as every other night finds him—utterly bereft—alone on bitter seas.

Down in the valley far below his hut, church bells sound the Christmas chimes. In all of the village houses Christmas candles glow, Yule logs burn,—but for the lonely grief-burdened man there is no light. And all about his house inside and out it is bare and cold and dark. He turns aside from Father Ambrose who visits him with kind intent and plea that he place lighted candles in the windows of his lonely hut to guide the carol singers up the mountain road to sing in the new settlement upon the ridge. He refuses. Father Ambrose leaves. The man closes his door to the singers and tramples out his fire.

It is so dark outside that a little lame girl hastening to join the waits falls and loses her crutch. The man cannot be deaf to her pitiful cries so he ministers to her as she to him. Then later a soldier lad with a wound above his left breast also stumbles in the dark outside his hut, and the old man lets him in. How like these two are to his daughter and his son!

Are they the souls of his Beloved Dead? They bring into the father's hollow eyes a vision of his lost children. In service for them his heart is opened. Their words, from the Spirit World itself, blaze for him a new

path in Life's maze. It is they who place the lighted candles in his cottage windows. It is they who restore light to his blind eyes, and peace to his heart.

The lonely little home high on the mountain side turns into a star, a place of hope and faith and light and human charity under the sun.

There is the story—the whole of it. If ever there was a Christmas message for today for all churches, all schools, all places and people everywhere it is found in this little Christmas play "Fiat Lux," written by Faith Van Valkenburgh Vilas of Scarsdale, New York.

"Fiat Lux" is included in the new list of Christmas plays compiled this season by the Bureau of Educational Dramatics of Community Service, Incorporated, 1 Madison Avenue, New York. Information concerning it may be had from its author.

PERCY MacKAYE'S "The Evergreen Tree," Stuart Walker's "The Seven Gift," Maurice Boucher's "A Christmas Tale," Alfred Noyes' "A Belgian Christmas Eve" are among other plays also included in this list, which contains mention and brief descriptions of between forty and fifty Christmas plays known to be excellent for community production.

Among other plays for which there is always a wide demand at Christmas are the following:

An old Christmas Revel and The Oxfordshire St. George Play arranged by Constance D'Arcy Mackay. This contains the ceremony of the Yule Log, Christmas Carols, Christmas Games and the rollicking farce St. George Play which was acted in England some 250 years ago. Copies may be obtained from Playground & Recreation Association of America, price 15c, 1 Madison Avenue, New York.

The Waif by Elizabeth B. Grimball. A Christmas Morality of the 20th Century, one act, 7 principals, people of the "visions" and concealed chorus. Symbolic costumes. The Christmas Spirit seeks the gold star of Love. It is restored to her by Service. Obtained from the Woman's Press, price 35c.

Eagerheart by A. M. Buckton, a mystery play of great beauty which requires a substantial production. 3 principals, any number of other participants, Shepherds, Wise Men, Angels, Choir. It is admirable for church productions. Obtained from the Drama League Book Shop, price \$1.00, postage 10c.

Christmase in Merrie England with old carols, dances and a masque arranged by Mari Ruef Hofer. This is a most practical and charming Christmas celebration introducing all the old English costumes and songs. A jolly short Masque in rhyme is also introduced. To be effective it should be given on the floor of a hall. From thirty to eighty young people can take part in it, boys and girls, ranging in age from seven to sixteen. The costumes throughout are Elizabethan. Published by Clayton F. Summy Co., price 25c.

Santa Claus, Jr. A Christmas operetta in one act. Book by Margaret E. Lacey. Music by E. D. Wardo Marzo. 14 characters. Delightful music not too difficult. May be obtained from Schirmer, price 40c.

The Perfect Gift. A Christmas Pageant by Elizabeth H. Hanley, in which the Spirit of the Star guides the Spirit of Christmas to the place where at last is found the Perfect Gift. All that composes the Gift is there, the self-denial, the kindly feeling, the desire to give, the good will and the wish that it may carry happiness. A Community Tree is shown around which carols are sung. The Pageant ends with the distribution of gifts by Santa Claus and his attendants, and

a general community celebration around the tree Community Service (Incorporated), price 25c.

The Gifts We Bring by Nina B. Lamkin. A Pageant in two episodes. Cast 60 to 500. Time: one hour. For Community Production for Clubs, Schools, Colleges, Churches. Contains groups of Snowbirds, Automatic Toys, Jumping Jacks, Candles, Candy Sticks, Colored Balls, etc. There is a Santa Good Fellow and Fairies of Peace, Love and Good Will. Complete directions for staging, music, costuming and production. Obtained from T. S. Denison & Company, price \$1.00.

Why the Chimes Rang by Elizabeth McFadden. Four men and three women. Speaking parts and several extras. Can be done by a cast of 20 in all. A medieval Christmas play in 2 scenes. It requires two interior settings. First a peasant's home, next a cathedral, which is suggested by means of a stained glass window and an altar. It tells the story of how a humble hearted gift out-weighed all the rich gifts at Christmas time. Obtained from Samuel French, price 35c.

This entire Christmas Program for 1921 now being issued in mimeographed form at 25c per copy by Community Service, 1 Madison Avenue, New York City, contains in addition to this list of plays, pageants, masques, tableaux and operettas, a detailed outline for a Christmas revel; a program of carols and games; and the complete manuscript of Miss Mackay's St. George Play. A special bulletin on various phases of Christmas carol singing, prepared by Kenneth C. Clark of C. S. Music Department, is also issued with the Christmas Program for ten cents. This includes instructions about the organization of carol groups in towns, cities and rural communities; sources for music and costumes and Christmas Carol Song Sheets carrying the words of all the famous old carols. These are distributed in bulk at cost price, less than a cent each.

THE record of successful Christmas plays and pageants produced last season which was kept by the Community Service Bureau of Educational Dramatics of which Mabel F. Hobbs is in charge gives much light to see by this year.

What did people as a whole find most satisfying and beautiful? The answer to this question comes from cities, north, south, east and west. It is: The Pageant of the Nativity.

This that has been done by the Catholic Church for centuries upon centuries in churches, convents, parish halls and schools is at last being also done by numberless towns and cities and by all denominations and countless organizations throughout the United States. In a number of places it has become a permanent phase of a civic celebration of Christmas and, like the Community Christmas tree, "The Tree of Light," the Pageant of the Nativity, is planted so deep in the hearts and minds of the people that they say no Christmas hereafter will ever pass without it.

Last year in the capitol city this most beautiful and spiritual of the Christmas activities was given in five separate localities under the direction of Marie Moore Forrest, director of Community Service of Washington, D.C. This year Mrs. Forrest hopes to

(Continued on page 438)



Ira L. Hill Studio



F A S H I O N

*As Originated and
Introduced on the Stage*

By Pauline Morgan

LYDIA LIPKOWSKA as "The Merry Widow" in the revival of that winsome operetta charms the eye as well as the ear. Her very sophisticated gowns are made more insidious by the addition of correct jewels and fans which Mme. Lipkowska handles with the skillful ingenuity of a Russian actress. We noticed she even changed her rings to affect a contrast! Her first act gown of white chiffon velvet featured a train which beguiled every woman in the audience; it was tightly shirred into the deep oval decolleté which constituted the back, and repeated the delicate scroll of silver and crystals that embroidered the rather short skirt. In the oval is shown her *Boné Soeurs* gown worn in the Maxim setting; silver cloth and black lace with a huge flat sash of the silver cloth

INA CLAIRE CHOOSES

LANVIN FROCKS FOR

THE NEW PLAY

Gowns worn in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" ordered by Miss Claire while she sojourned in Paris a few months ago



Ira L. Hill Studio



IN the French farce by Alfred Savoir which is causing New York much merriment, Miss Claire's gowns have created quite a stir—not only among the fashionables, but among the dressmakers and smart shops, who have hastened to duplicate the lovely models. The house gown shown above is bride-like in its fragile laciness—long lengths of flesh colored tulle depends for contrast only on a few clusters of satin geranium petals, meshed as closely together as silk embroidery. The transparent front length shows the short satin foundation skirt while the side draperies are ruched cleverly at the hip-line

AT the left is a typical Lanvin frock of mauve georgette with two waist lines, ribbon embroidered apron front and wing draperies—opposite we find a lace gown of Chinese blue with several swinging ribbon panels; they sway in delightful silhouettes with the aid of crystal bracelets





Ira L. Hill Studio

ESTELLE WINWOOD

Hats from Simone Bouvet Inc.



Ciré satin in shades of fuchsia folds its sheen into a turban of extreme chic, terminating in a tasseled sash

(Oval)

A fetching black velvet turban studded with flat silver nail heads and draped with a fine mesh veil in youthful French fashion



Miss Winwood in her favorite chapeau—a demure poke of black velvet match elongated on one side and topped with a paradise to add further charm

(Oblong above)

Who does not long for a Cavalier hat or purple velvet with an impertinent flare, framed softly with a sweeping ostrich feather?



SPANISH FASHIONS BECOME THE AMERICAN FASHION

Catherine Calvert in "Blood and Sand" inspires the fashion world with a desire for Spanish effects

THE mantilla, a shawl and a bouffant gown; or modification of the Spanish fashion in long slinky gowns with romantic touches of Spanish inspiration—such are the lovely style features that suggest ideas for the new wardrobe and for enhancing one's own beauty!

The accessories are vitally important and Miss Calvert adds them with telling effect; the delicate shell comb—the slipper and buckle—the corsage, and the subtle adjustment of jewelry. Miss Calvert's complexion make-up is something to marvel at—of course she has the rich creamy skin to start with, and she doesn't wear one bit of rouge throughout the play, though the eyes and lips are very much made-up.

At the left is sketched the gorgeous Poirer costume which introduces the famous Spanish lady, Donna Sol, to the equally famous bull-fighter, Gallardo, interpreted so skillfully by Otis Skinner. Exceedingly bouffant, black Spanish lace drapes the skirt of gold cloth, leaving the long tight fitting basque of gold uncovered except for the swathing of a Spanish shawl of jade green embroidered in crimson roses. The mantilla veil which is draped

correctly in the sketch, forms little scallops about the forehead and is held securely in place against the high comb with small flowers of scarlet hue. Mantillas worn by Spanish ladies are always shaped about the face.

The black gown shown at the right of the sketch is of charmeuse, long and tight fitting, wrapping the figure in an unbroken length of the fabric, and caught up in shallow folds at the left hip. There is practically no back to the gown; it is bare to the waistline in a graceful oval. Long ribbons of charmeuse tasseled with a fringe of chenille swish in fascinating little rustles on the floor; they are attached to the hip, from which they swing loosely when they do not tie at the front and back. The entire costume is made more barbaric and vampish with ropes of pearls and earrings of the very long variety.

In the last act when Donna Sol experiences a change of heart, and transfers her faithless heart to a new lover, she makes her appearance in a gown of ivory meteor, very décolleté but harnessed at the back with a shaped band of silver and pearls. To make it all more effective, Miss Calvert adds brilliant corals for her jewels!



DARING FASHIONS EXPRESSED IN LINE AND COLOR

*Violet Kemble Cooper in "The Silver Fox" illustrates
the true meaning of "Personality in Dress"*

THE phrase "Personality in Dress" is much abused and misunderstood, but trips merrily from the tongue with scarcely a thought as to its true meaning—we all desire to acquire that subtle charm, but it requires more time and study than most of us care to give to the subject. Miss Cooper, however, as the woman in the eternal triangle of that clever comedy "The Silver Fox" typifies to our mind all the essentials necessary to create this desired atmosphere.

Her initial appearance is most satisfying, one feels that every detail of costume is perfect and restful and characteristic of a charming gentlewoman. The daring of her costumes, created by Bergdorf Goodman, is apparent in the long lines and the unusual color scheme. For instance, her first act afternoon gown is fashioned of taffy colored gloveskin which exactly matches her hair and the creamy loveliness of her skin—the fabric hanging in graceful long lines from shoulder to ankle, broken only by a horizontal fullness at the waist-line and the delicate little reverses at the sides of the bodice. A cavalier cape swings from the shoulders, edged with skunk fur which is repeated at the opening

of the long chiton sleeves. The only other color spot is featured in the large hat of dark brown velvet wreathed in a straight feather.

An immediate cause of dissension on the stage, to say nothing of the discussion in the audience, is her penchant for wearing short socks rolled to the ankle leaving her legs bare. We agree that this does not exactly express Miss Cooper's personality but it has something to do with the plot of the play, and though it might be construed as artistic license by some, it would not surprise us a bit if this innovation did not become the forerunner of a next summer fashion!

In the second act, Miss Cooper maintains her reputation for daring color when she appears in a house gown of exquisite design in lemon colored chiffon; its charm is evident in the sketch, showing wide loose sleeves and wide panels attached in novel manner at the shoulder and hanging to the floor. These panels are edged with gray marabout which likewise edge the sleeves.

We marveled at the grace of a white velvet evening gown, draped in a high puff at one side, cascading into a fluted side train at the reverse side.



The Sumptuous Home of
George M. Cohan, at
Great Neck, Long Island

A far cry from Broadway is this lovely
retreat of the popular actor-manager
and playwright, with its setting of
beautiful trees and well-kept lawns





The walls of the living room are covered with gold damask. Walnut furniture, and a rich brown rug complete a very pleasing color scheme



A glimpse of the writing room looking from the bedroom



Decorations by
Watterson Lowe

Rose damask is set in wall panels of antique ivory and gold, the window is hung with rose silk and dotted marquisette, and the furniture in this delightful bedroom is Louis XVI

The Promenades of Angelina

During which she observes the importance of The Fan, and picks up two of the latest alluring tips as to Hands and Feet



The latest mode for finger tips, to go with your new rings and bracelets, is to have the nails highly polished and the whole end down to the first joint meticulously painted a deep crimson



In "The Silver Fox" Violet Kemble Cooper wears these naughty and adorable little socks rolled down around the ankle, taken from the French. Shall we be wearing them in the Spring, do you suppose?

IT seems to be the day of the fan, doesn't it? We all thought last year was, but the fan's vogue was as nothing then compared to what it is now. Last year we really had just the fans of ostrich to go on with, this year we have not only those, but the ducky fans of curly coque plumies, and in addition all the fans of gauze, spangled or not, in patterns of a dozen different varieties.

The publicity the fan is getting from the theatre! A play actually named in its honor . . . "The Fan," in which Hilda Spong "returns" to the stage. (Incidentally how many "returns" the stage is seeing this fall)

And then all the little fans of the Spanish ladies in the late "Don Juan" . . . and the lovely fans of the Spanish ladies in Otis Skinner's "Blood and Sand." Yet again the so-called "fan number" in the enchanting Music Box Review, where eight dancers wrapped in gorgeously embroidered Spanish shawls, each of a predominant tone, wield large ostrich feather fans in color to match. "The pretty dears" . . . as Rose Macaulay might say!

I saw a very amusing instance of the fan at the opening night of the Hippodrome. Elsie Janis, the inimitable charmer, just back from Paris, attended it with her mother. They sat in a box. And Mademoiselle Elsie wore an enormous black hat that almost completely eclipsed her face: and Madame sa Mère was likewise almost totally concealed, but by a huge black feather fan. Do you think this might offer a hint to royalty as to how to attend the theatre incognito?

The opening night of "The Circle" was *très amusant*! The usual crowd

of "celebs" . . . On the stage Mrs. Leslie Carter, making a sensational returning (Another return!) after years abroad . . . playing opposite Uncle John Drew, who was watched from a box by the Barrymores. In a box, too, Lillian Russell, looking perfectly wonderful. As we heard a man behind us apostrophize: "As lovely and blonde as ever! And no insipidity to her fairness either!" With which Edwin agreed, adding that none could ever make concerning Lillian Russell the famous complaint that George III is said to have made of his Hanoverian wife, "*Elle est si blonde!*" Edwin nudged me a moment later and pointed out Conway Tearle escorting his wife, Adele Rowland, as who should say "nothing to that gossip about their being separated."

Edwin took me to "The Silver Fox," in which are the darling Faversham (Mother says that twenty years ago the young things used to go on about him just the same way 'hey do today) and the delicious Lawrence Grossmith, and the delightful Violet Kemble Cooper. The latter wears the most adorable costumes, and you must see her naughty French socks, an incident of the first act on which the play gets up speed.

Miss Cooper comes on in 'street costume, hatted and silver-foxed, her frock of pale saffron duvetyne, a short cape effect swinging from the shoulders, a straight, rather narrow skirt an inch or two above the ankle. On her feet are slippers in a light shade of brown suede, with an ankle strap, and the aforementioned "naughty socks." They are in a lighter shade than the slippers and rolled down just above the ankle strap, leaving an intriguing expanse of bare cream leg showing above.

I wonder shall we all be wearing these

French ankle-socks "when spring comes round again this year" . . . Perhaps they will be compensation for the longer skirt. On Violet Kemble Cooper with her beauty and distinction, these little round-toed, baby-French-heeled suede shoes topped by their ankle-rolled socks offer a most piquant contrast. But can't you fancy the travesties that would be played on the theme, if once the socks become really the go! Hectic isn't the word!

I paid Boué Soeurs a call the other afternoon . . . to see what was new . . . The afternoon parade of models for prospective customers was going on as usual on the little velvet-draped stage in the salon, and I dropped into a corner to watch along with the rest. The mannequins were displaying evening models in rapid sequence,—gorgeous things of embroidered tulle and lace and taffetas, the skirts of medium length where they weren't short, fronts to the bodices . . . but little, if anything, in the way of backs.

I was much interested in three women of the smart world who sat near me . . . in their very knowing appearance, and in their canny comments with regard to clothes. No, I won't tell you who they were . . . One of the three particularly interested me, because of the very latest thing in the way of hands. She wore one or two beautiful rings, and bracelets of pearls and diamonds showing on bare wrists. And she had her finger tips done up in the most precious manner, the nails very crimson and highly polished, and the inside of the finger ends, over the whole ball and down to the first joint

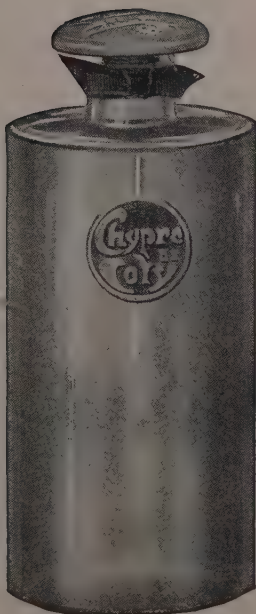
(Continued on page 430)



Sketches by Art Snyder



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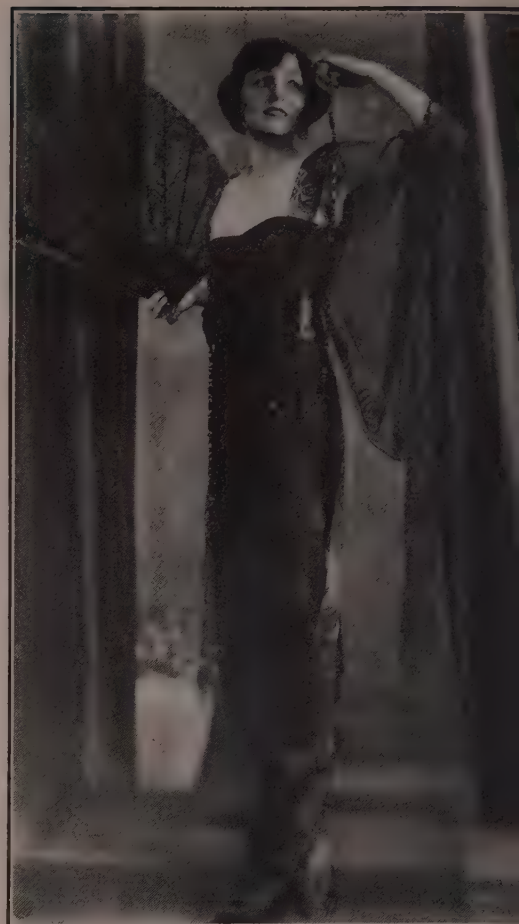
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NEW YORK

ELEANOR WOOD- RUFF INTRO- DUCES TWO IM- PORTED GOWNS

The famous house of Callot emphasizes the charm of a black chiffon and lace evening gown by permitting it to cling closely to the figure, and then weaving great skill into the soft crush girdle of black satin dripping with looped ropes of jet. The Sleeve likewise finds its source in the girdle, and appears to be a scarf of fragile laciness thrown across the shoulder

Models from
Bonwit Teller & Co.



Fab.

LANVIN WEAVE THE SPIRIT OF YOUTH INTO EVERY TYPE OF GOWN

The appealing silhouette of a Lanvin dress, never frock worn by Miss Woodruff leaves nothing to be desired! It is simple and one cannot deny that it is subtle. Perhaps the marvelous fabric explains the charm—white chiffon encrusted with mother-of-pearl applied in most graceful manner. The full panels gathered in tightly to a little bolster-roll of dawn-blue chiffon floating about in cloudy loveliness, to match the lower edge of the long sleeve.



Fab.

MISS MADGE KENNEDY

Uses Quaker Tuscan Net In Her New York Home



DAINTINESS, vivacity and unaffected simplicity have given to Miss Madge Kennedy an enviable position both on stage and screen.

Her home bears the stamp of this same delightful individuality. The keynote is harmonious simplicity and, in keeping with this idea, she has selected hangings and bed draperies of Quaker Tuscan Net.

The curtains are trimmed only with a delicate fringe. The rich dignity of the material makes elaborate trimming unnecessary.

The bedspreads are a bit more frivolous but never for a moment is daintiness sacrificed. Both spreads—the one used on the charming little day-bed as well as the one on Miss Kennedy's own bed—are bewitching affairs of Quaker Tuscan Net over-French blue. There are ribbon bands of blue and decorative nosegays of pastel shades.

All of these articles were made in accordance with Miss Kennedy's design and under her personal supervision. She has kindly furnished us with directions, and if you would like a copy of these directions for your own use, we shall be glad to furnish you with them, on request.



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Everywhere**



The VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD

YOU know, of course, that all the sapphire tones are the rage this fall? And consequently, that sapphires themselves, have increased in popularity?

"Well, Madam," perhaps you are saying as you read these lines. . . "and suppose they are, what is that to me? Who am I or what is my income to indulge in a fashion for sapphires! Your remarks leave me quite cold."

But wait a bit. . . we have something to tell you about sapphires that you may not happen to know, something rather new and startling. We are sure it will make you sit up and take interest, at least. It is this:

That it has been found possible to create a sapphire in the laboratory that so exactly duplicates the "mined" gem in every particular that even experts cannot detect any difference between them. We heard about this sapphire from Catherine Calvert. . . .

Miss Calvert, as Doña Sol, is playing a gorgeous "vamp" part with Otis Skinner in "Blood and Sand," at the Empire. She is a dream of beauty, and her costumes perfection. . . each and all. . . the Poiret Spanish frock, the all-black with pearls, the all-white with pink corals and camellias. . . . Turn to "Through the Opera Glass," on page four hundred and four, and see the sketches of them.

And Miss Calvert dresses as exquisitely off the stage as on. She is one of the few people who never disappoint you. Not only because she is always so smart, but because she puts so much individuality into her smartness. And that means that she gives the infinite attention of the artist to every detail of her appearance.

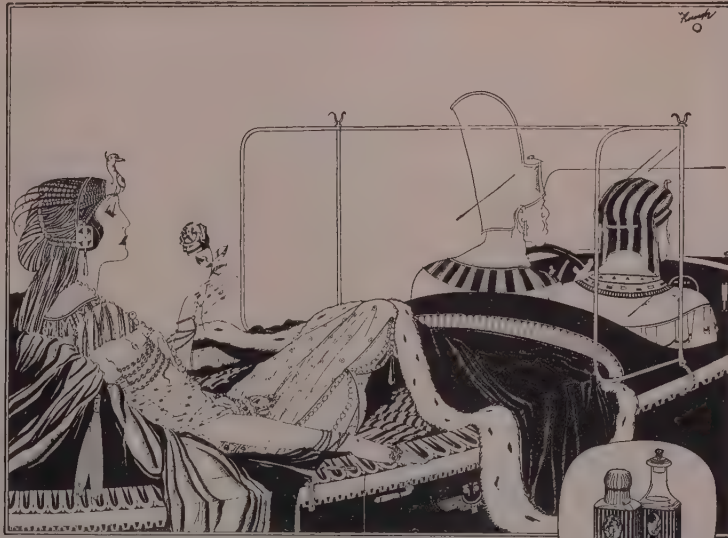
Which brings us to the sapphire. . . . On Miss Calvert's little finger, when we lunched with her at the Ritz the other day, was a beautiful cabochon sapphire ring set in platinum with one or two small diamonds. We remarked on it—as we are permitted to do by Miss Calvert without loss of good form, because she realizes our interest is professional as well as personal—and this is what she told us:

"They call it a Hope Sapphire. . ." began Miss Calvert. "No, no relation at all to the ill-omened Hope diamond," she went on quickly, catching the query from our eye. "They call them that because their creator had to make so many experiments, to hope so hard and so long before he reached his goal. They should make wonderful engagement rings, shouldn't they?" said Miss Calvert with a twinkle. "Or Christmas presents!"

"No, this isn't my engagement ring," she responded to another silent query. "This is a present I made to myself. I was hunting for a sapphire ring, which was just the final touch needed for a lunch costume of black and sapphire. But prices on sapphires were rather beyond me, I found. . . I had about decided to give up my 'final touch,' when my jeweler suggested 'Why not a Hope sapphire?' I don't know what they are, I said.

"So he brought out a tray of the stones and when I saw how lovely they were, and how lovely the price as well. . . in comparison with the mined gems, of course, I pounced on one then and there. They assure me that the natural stone and the Hope stone are identical in every respect—color, hardness, durability—save that one is made in a laboratory and the other by nature. The Hope sapphires are so perfect, in fact, that if one—they wear tags for identification—were to get lost among the natural sapphires, it could never be discovered again. In fact, such a thing actually did happen once, and the Hope sapphire is now traveling about somewhere incognito. That points its own moral, I think. If you can't tell one from 'other, what's the good of paying more to get 't'other!"

(For any further information concerning these wonderful new Hope sapphires, write The Vanity Box, care the THEATRE MAGAZINE, 6 East 39th Street, New York City).



Mineralava frees the clogged pores that stifle a beautiful complexion.

Cleopatra Would Ride in a Car To-day

By VERNON RADCLIFFE

CLEOPATRA, the beautiful, the magnificent, would never be satisfied with ancient Egyptian methods of conveyance, were she privileged to live to-day. In place of her chariot, she would speed in a car. In place of her famous barge, she would own a yacht. And is there any reason to suppose that she would continue the use of ancient soaps, creams and lotions for the complexion, when modern life offers something so much better?

The Menace of Fading Beauty

The care of the complexion has become increasingly necessary, increasingly hard. The trains roar back and forth to-day. The streets throb with the exhausts of motor cars. The factories seep down clouds of sooty vapor. Beauty has been fading earlier and earlier.

Yet, despite the dust and impurities that modern life forces deep down into the skin, we still further impose soaps, creams, lotions and cosmetics. Have you assurance that tired Nature can expel the *added* burden in the pores?

Impurities *must* come out. Nothing put on the face can possibly be of benefit if the pores beneath are clogged,

and to-day they *are* clogged as they never were before.

Old Treatments Fail

Women have turned in desperation to massage, the vigorous action of human hands. Unscientific face massage has made more old women than age. To parboil your skin with half scalding water, and knead and maul the muscles of your face is bound to be injurious. Massaging does not remove dirt, foreign substances and impurities from the place where they do the real damage—down below the surface of the skin. A Beauty Specialist will tell you so.

Vivaudou's Discovery

Very recent has been the complete change in beauty method by the best Specialists and parlors. Victor Vivaudou, famous perfumer, discovered that the better Beauty Shops were using a preparation so wonderful in its effect upon the complexion, that he arranged for its sole distribution in the home. He says about Mineralava: "I have seen its amazing benefits—its amazing success. It is delightful to use. No more wonderful contribution to comfort and cleanliness has ever been devised!"

Mineralava is the *one* way to a good complexion—the best way—so startling, so revolutionary in idea, so different from any treatment that you have known, that you cannot afford not to know it—to try it.

Mineralava, Cold Water, Face Finish

Instead of being just one more thing to put on the face, to rub in the pores, Mineralava

takes out. It cleanses the clogged pores—washes off—and is gone, all in twelve minutes. Mineralava, Nature's Beauty Clay, originated by Mrs. M. G. Scott and perfected by her through 23 years of scientific research and experiment, withdraws impurities from the pores and tightens sagging muscles.

As it dries it contracts. You *feel* its medicinal ingredients penetrate the depths of the pores. You *feel* it withdraw foreign matter. You *feel* the wrinkles smooth out. You *feel* the flabby skin made tight. You *feel* the cleansing purifying blood tingle through each tiny vein.

Mineralava Face Finish is a necessary skin food and tonic, acts as a mild bleach and forms a perfect base for your face powder. You apply it at the proper time, *after the pores are cleansed.*

Lasting Beauty of Complexion

Immediately, a blooming youthfulness glows and radiates from the cheeks. Continue this treatment regularly twice a week and we guarantee, whether you are sixteen or sixty, a marked improvement in your complexion—reducing blackheads, pimples, enlarged pores, wrinkles, blemishes of all kinds—preserving beauty and youthfulness.

Ask for Mineralava To-day

Go to your druggist or department store to-day and ask for the Mineralava set containing fifteen home treatments. If yours has not got it, do not be satisfied with an imitation. Write Mrs. Scott herself. She will gladly inform you where it may be obtained. You may try Mineralava right away by mailing the coupon with 25c for the demonstration tube of two full treatments.

Manufacturer's Note: Mineralava contains absolutely nothing which can harm the most delicate skin. We guarantee it, and will refund the money if you are not satisfied after one treatment. Scott's Preparations, Inc., 6 East 37th St., New York City.

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Two Mineralava treatments
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☐ Enclosed find 25c (stamps, coin,) for which please send demonstration tube of Mineralava sufficient for two full treatments.

☐ I am interested in Mineralava and would like to have you advise me where I may obtain it in this locality.

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Street

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The druggist nearest me is

A MASQUERADE FÊTE WHERE YOUTH AND BEAUTY MET



THE seventh anniversary of the establishing of Boué Soeurs in New York, coinciding happily with the sixteenth birthday of Mlle. Mounette d'Etreillis, the daughter of Baroness Jeanne d'Etreillis, it seemed to the latter an auspicious occasion to celebrate with a masquerade fete. This took place at the Long Beach home of Baroness d'Etreillis, the guests being the employees and the friends of Boué Soeurs, and each costume worn—little gems in correctness and artistic detail—created by the house.

SITTING from left to right are: Mr. Philippe Montegut, head of the Paris House of Boué Soeurs; Mlle. Alice Verlet, of the Paris Opera; Baroness Jeanne d'Etreillis, and Madame Sylvie Montegut, the last two, who have retained their maiden names for the profession, composing Boué Soeurs. In the background is young Mlle. Mounette and peering from under a black velvet Punchinello's cap may be seen Mr. Gedal Gorkmon, the general manager of Boué Soeurs in New York. Among the many distinguished guests were Mischa Elman and his two lovely sisters.

WE have heard it rumored that Mesdames Boué are shortly to be decorated by the French government for their patriotic bravery in crossing the ocean during the war to establish a new house in a new country.



Fania Marinoff, whose artistic work in "The Hero," has delighted the theatre-going public, takes great pride in her choice of footwear. For afternoon it is the slightly modified patent leather pump with huge oval buckles of cut steel



When a choice is to be made for the evening, silver slippers never fail to convey an impression of elegance! Miss Marinoff chooses them of silver brocade with the two straps buttoned in rhinestone

If the slipper isn't of silver, it is invariably of black! At the right we find them in black satin with a flattering, modified vamp crowned in black enamel and cut-steel buckles



Ira L. Hill Studio

Again, she chooses black satin, this time daintily beaded at the toe with tracings of jet. The one-strap is a continuation of the top edge of the slipper and is thickly studded with jet beads

Models from
J. & T. Cousins

Irene Franklin, in the Greenwich Village Follies 1921, uses the Flaconette as Fashion's Latest Way to Perfume.



"Now I'll freshen up with my Flaconette"

—So says Miss Irene Franklin, as she lifts her exquisite Flaconette and daintily touches her face and hair with drops of her favorite perfume.

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Cleaner, safer teeth to millions

Pepsodent has brought to millions a new era in teeth cleaning.

Modern authorities endorse it. Leading dentists everywhere advise it. Half the world over it is being rapidly adopted.

You should see what it does, learn the reasons, feel the good effects. This ten-day test will show them. One cannot afford to overlook a factor so important.

Combats the film

One purpose is to combat the film—that viscous film you feel. That is what dims teeth and causes most tooth troubles.

Film clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. The tooth brush used in old ways has left much of it intact. So, despite all care, tooth troubles have been constantly increasing until very few escape.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It forms the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Also of other serious troubles, local and internal.

New methods found

Dental science has now found effective ways to fight film, day by day. Many careful tests have proved them. In leading countries, those methods are now urged for constant use.

They are embodied in a scientific tooth paste—Pepsodent. A dentifrice which complies with all modern requirements. And a 10-Day Tube is being sent to every home that asks.

Watch the unique effects

Each use of Pepsodent brings five desired effects, all of which are now believed essential.

The film is combated in effective ways. The teeth are kept so highly polished that film cannot easily adhere.

Then it stimulates the salivary flow—Nature's great tooth protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling. They may otherwise ferment and form acid.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

An ideal diet, rich in fruit acids, would bring the same effects. But few people get it regularly. So science advises that the tooth paste bring them, at least twice a day.

These results mean prettier teeth, cleaner, safer teeth. See them and judge them for yourself. They may lead to benefits life-long in extent. Cut out the coupon now.

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The New-Day Dentifrice

The scientific film combatant, which brings five desired effects. Approved by modern authorities and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

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Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY

A Pleasant Test

Send this coupon for the 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. The results will surprise and delight you.

MR. HORNBLow GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 388)

with New York theatregoers; then, too, it marked the opening for the season of the Belasco Theatre. The play itself, is a creation replete with tender sentiment, high ideals, and pathos. It is also of peculiar interest because of its spiritist phenomena. An outstanding feature of this revival is the remarkable acting done by a small lad, Richard Dupont, in the rôle of the boy-medium who transmits Peter Grimm's messages from the other world. He grasps admirably the spirit of the psychic play, does some unusually fine emotional work in the third act, and, altogether, displays such marked talent that it is safe to predict for him a satisfying future in his profession.

KLAW. "LILIES OF THE FIELD." A new play in 3 acts by William Hurlburt. Produced Oct. 3 with this cast:

Suki	Y. Nimura
Nettie	Gertrude Clemens
Maisie Lee	Josephine Drake
Florette Ellwood	Alison Shipworth
Doris Carter	Pauline Garon
Walter Harker	Roy Walling
Gertrude Ainlee	Cora Witherspoon
Amy Van Epps	Evelyn Duncan
Mildred Harker	Marie Doro
A Manicurist	Alice Cavanaugh
Pink Courtney	Florence Flynn
Lewis Willing	Norman Trevor
James Overstreet	J. Cleneay Mathews
Louise	Dorothy Day
Rose	Margaret Ufer Brown
A Private Detective	Dan Day

IT is not sufficient to say of Marie Doro's performance in "Lilies of the Field" that it was excellent, admirable or fine. Brought all too frequently out of a reviewer's thesaurus when they'd far better have been left in, those adjectives fail, at times, to do what is wanted of them. Whatever may be said of Mr. Hurlburt's play, its tawdriness, its want of originality and its banal final curtain, it at least creates a dramatic type that would have delighted the heart of Otto Weininger, if, indeed, that heavy heart could have been delighted by anything. And it is into the portrayal of this type, that represents the clash of motherhood with prostitution, that Marie Doro so superbly throws herself. Throws herself, I might say, with an intelligence and feeling that makes the rôle live vibrantly in the very midst of a group of theatrical lay-figures.

The illustrious author of "Sex and Character" would have revelled in Mr. Hurlburt's play, but it is hard to fancy anyone else doing it. There he would find woman at her worst, her most infamous. In no play we have had dealing with the delicate subject of the demi-mondaine, has she been pictured—and unnecessarily it seems to me—as quite so rotten as we find her in "Lilies of the

Field." Whereas, "The Gold Diggers" permitted one to dwell vicariously among kept women and rather like them for their humanness, the "Lilies" are black ones, sordid, relentless, ugly. It really points a rather terrifying moral and should keep many a good husband in the twin bed where he belongs.

One thing, at least, deserves credit for the author. Throughout, his dialogue is interesting and human and chock full of spontaneous native humor. His dramaturgy is expert with occasional serious lapses that one hopes will be absent from his next effort, such as perhaps the most preposterous *deus ex machina* final solution of the play's problem that local footlights have blazed on in many a season. His is one of the most promising pens writing for our stage. Into "Lilies of the Field" he has gotten a fair assortment of ideas, and despite a prevailing sordidness and a lot of stereotyped people there are moments that get one. For that Marie Doro is principally responsible, but some credit accrues to the author. I think that some day, if he keeps on writing, he'll do something very fine. Especially if he keeps off the Hopwood preserves.

The cast does fair work. Gertrude Clemens is wholly realistic as Nettie the soft creature of silks who neither spins, nor, in the manner of speaking, toils. Next to Miss Doro's, her performance is the most plausible in a part that fits her like an Annette. Norman Trevor as the Croesus, is quiet, restrained and distinguished. Much as I decry the part he plays, I am grateful that it gives him no opportunity to fling himself into a large chair, something he did—and very badly—in "Enter Madame." Alison Shipworth is depressingly realistic as a veteran *demi*.

But the exquisite Doro with her beauty, poise and interpretative power quite enthralled me.

"LOVE DREAMS." A melody drama in 3 acts by Ann Nichols. Lyrics by Oliver Morosco and music by Werner Janessen. Produced Oct. 1, with this cast:

Larry Pell	Tom Powers
Billy Parks	Maurie Holland
Dr. Duncan Pell	Orrin Johnson
Cadillac Packard	Harry K. Morton
Renee D'Albret	Vera Michelena
Stage Manager	Charles Yorkshire
Hildegard	Maude Eburne
Cherry O'Moore	Marie Carroll
Premier Dancer	Amelia Allen
Pauline	Pauline Maxwell
Grace	Grace Culvert
Irene	Irene Novotny
Joan	Joan Warner
Ann	Ann Pauley
Grace	Grace Elliott
Maude	Maude Lydiate
Charmine	Charmine Esley

(Continued on page 422)



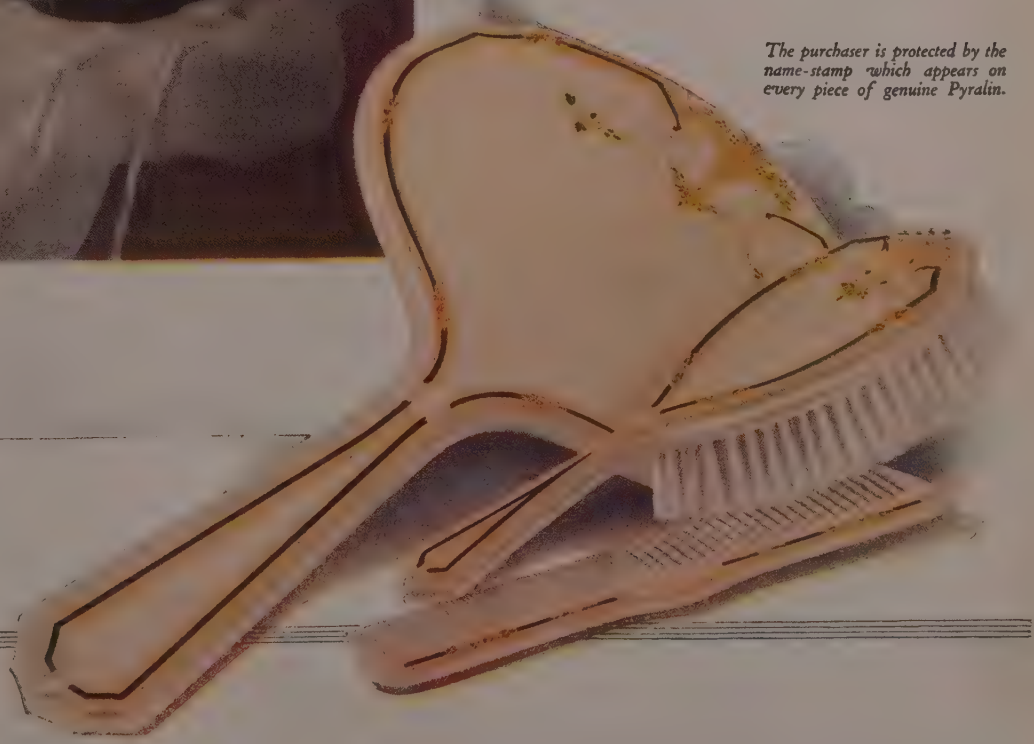
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EXIT REEL STAR: ENTER REAL ONE

(Concluded from page 364)

that much over-rated bloom of youth—there is so little bloom in the bud and so much in the flowering—were forced to content themselves with "bits" in stories that had been crippled so that Dottie could grab all there was. They, many of whom had been bred in the theatre, old at the game of the drama, mellowed by experience, whose technique was unerring, who knew so well how to play upon the heartstrings, had to step into the background, become "atmosphere" for boys and girls whose only stock-in-trade was an exaggerated estimate of self. These older men and women who can gauge acting, who know that the value of a scene can be realized only when an actor works toward its ultimate good, not his own—they are coming into their own. More and more the actor and actress who can inject life into character, who can make you feel the reality of a story, are leaping into demand. Be he past half a century and unbeautiful, or virile with young strength, it matters not a jot, so long as reality is there and the ability to make the character he portrays a living breathing man. And whether a woman is white-haired and wizened, or young with the soul in her eyes to suffer and know joy, doesn't matter so long as the soul is there. That is the important thing. The director of tomorrow will tell the actor and actress what emotion to portray, not how to portray it. He will rely on their intelligence. He will say much as he does in the theatre:

"You are realizing the sudden death of the one dearest to you. He is gone. He will never come back. All those hours spent together, those hours so dear, they can never be more than a memory. Make me feel that, my dear." Instead of as in the past: "Your sweetheart has been killed. Now cry! Jim, bring me the glycerine—we've got to have tears!"

Go into any of the big studios that have brought to Los Angeles in a few years, the gold of an Eldorado, and you will see today, great, broad stages, not like the stage

of a theatre, but each one as big as a city square with space for a dozen productions to go on at one time. You will get the flare of million, candle-power white lights, concentrated on a single scene. You will watch a rehearsal, the careful study of lighting effects and composition, the concentrated effort that goes into a single turn of the camera, the gradual process of elimination which now is getting an effect from a soft fall of drapery back of a vase or chair instead of the furniture store overcrowding of several years ago. You will understand how producers with quiet determination are curtailing expense and inefficiency at the same time.

"My public" has entered a protest, a potent one. It has stayed away. And the producer is saying "Right! It's my business to give my public what it wants."

And so the artificial drama is going out with the artificial tear and artificial smirk. The sun of all things is setting. The day of the real thing, not the reel thing, has dawned. In the hands of real creators lies the future of the movies. Without them, in each and all of its branches, it cannot exist. Factory-made goods are going where they belong, into the canning department.

Dottie will have to dispense with her maid and hairdresser, but the sacrifice may develop her acting ability. Archie will have to value himself but the exercise will preserve his figure.

The silent drama has entered a new era. In future, it will be silent only as to sound. Those who have waited their chance will make a surge with sob and laughter. Those who know how, will constitute it an instrument on which they will play by which they will call to the whole world. The stars of the new motion picture constellation will be those who make the pictures living, breathing, reality, not a fake world of fake characters.

There is a big word, sincerity, without which no work can survive.

And sincerity has called a halt to the Dottie Dimples trademark.

The January THEATRE MAGAZINE will contain, in addition to its many regular features, a contribution by

COSMO HAMILTON

the well-known author of "The Silver Fox," "Scandal," etc.,
entitled

CASTING A PLAY

an amusing account of the trials and tribulations of the dramatist when he starts out to find actors with personalities that will fit the fictitious characters of his piece. Don't miss this entertaining feature. It takes you behind the scenes, in the managers' offices and lets you into theatrical secrets that are a mystery outside of professional circles.

Watch for the January "Theatre Magazine"

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ankle trimly clad; what
more satisfactory than silk
hosiery that will wear? Women
gain both who insist upon

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DEITIES
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Theatre Magazine

TITLE REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Announcements For 1922



TONY SARG, the famous illustrator, whose marionettes and laughter-provoking pictures have given delight to millions, begins a series of amusing caricatures of plays and players in the present number of Theatre Magazine. When Tony Sarg laughs, the whole world laughs with him. "Tony the Tonic," David Belasco calls him.

CLARA ELSENE PECK, who designed the November and the present cover of Theatre Magazine, will contribute more of her imaginative and brilliant illustrations from time to time during the coming year. Her exquisite work on the cover of this issue breathes her fine feeling and love of color, design and costume.



IN EACH ISSUE

REVIEWS OF PLAYS: "Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play" and records each month his criticisms and observations of, and reactions to, the newest plays. His reviews are clever and authoritative, but not too academic to hold your interest whether you dwell in the city, with all the theatres close to your elbow, or in the small town, where the Theatre Magazine is your only connecting link with "Broadway."

SUCCESSFUL PLAYS OF THE SEASON: "Mr. Pim Passes By," "The Green Goddess," "The First Year," "Liliom," and "The Circle" have already been published, and we will continue to give our readers the successful new plays as they are produced—one each month. "The Hero" will be published in January, to be followed by "A Bill of Divorcement" and "The Silver Fox."

SPECIAL ARTICLES: Interviews with the outstanding figures in the dramatic world; amusing tales of the stage; serious articles on the Drama in all its aspects. The Stage and the Theatre with its glamor, its tragic and comic sides, is spread out before you in text and picture each month.

THE AMATEUR STAGE DEPARTMENT: Theatre Magazine is the only periodical devoting editorial space to the plays given in clubs, colleges and schools throughout the country. Here are shown fascinating stage sets, reviews of amateur plays, as well as constructive and informative articles on every phase of amateur dramatic activity, including The Outdoor Theatre, Pageantry, Folk Plays, Community Drama, The Children's Theatre, etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS: The coming year, as always, Theatre Magazine will be notable for its wealth of beautiful pictures; scenes from the successful plays and motion pictures, exquisite half tone engravings of America's best beloved stars, and intimate glimpses into the clever homes of players and playwrights.

A UNIQUE FASHION SECTION, edited by Pauline Morgan, continues brilliant with sketches and photographs of stage celebrities in exclusive fashions introduced on the stage and in private life. All of the charm and esprit of advance fashion is thus reflected with an interesting editorial review of the accessories which help to make costumes introduced on the stage still more authoritative.

Christmas Gift Subscriptions At Special Rates

Theatre Magazine is \$4.00 the year. For two gift subscriptions send only \$7.00! This rate applies also to your own subscription, either new or renewal, when accompanied by a gift subscription. For each additional gift subscription send \$3.50.

There is one gift, among a host of stereotyped remembrances, that stands out—that marks the giver with the stamp of originality, because it is different, because there is no other gift that can duplicate it—that gift is the Theatre Magazine.

Let it renew your Christmas message of good-will twelve times a year—let it bring to your friends the revivifying influences of the Theatre and the Drama—the Drama that is Life itself, through which humanity sees itself reflected on the stage in all its changing moods—grave and gay.

Your friends will appreciate such a gift, and a merry little card will announce its coming, on Christmas morning.

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MR. HORNBLLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 416)

LOVE DREAMS," designated on the program as a melody-drama, is another of those strenuous efforts of the producers (of which "Sonny" was an earlier example), to evolve a combination that would lure more people to the box office. How long is it going to take said producers to find out that, like oil and water, musical comedy and drama will not mix?

In the present instance it looks as if Ann Nichols had written a pretty, simple and innocuous play, on which the mighty Morosco laid violent hands, injecting some of his own lyrics here and there with inconspicuous and inoffensive music attached to them, adding a dancer or two as a matter of course, and hauling in by the heels, as it were, a chorus of girls who at least, thank heaven, do not even attempt to sing; then furnished it with a "typical Morosco cast," and slapped it on the stage of the Times Square for the edification of the dear public. Whether the D. P. is going to be edified in large numbers is a matter of speculation.

The best thing about the production is the cast with which it is furnished. Nearly every one of them would shine either in musical comedy or in drama, and they do all that is possible in the present vehicle. Vera Michelena is featured, and rightly, as she sings a number of songs with a rich and pleasant voice and style, and is more than adequate in all the dramatic requirements of the rôle of Renee D'Albret, the vamp who isn't a vamp when you know her. Marie Carroll saves the sentiment of the piece from becoming mawkish by giving a poignantly appealing and delicate performance as the crippled sister of Renee; and Maude Eburne, as Hildegarde, an Irish maid, is screamingly funny. With her as a foil, Harry K. Morton takes good care of a comedy part which, while not as full of opportunities as one in the "Sweetheart Shop" of last season, still gives him a chance to show other facets of his ability. Tom Powers is quite likeable when he sings, and both he and Orrin Johnson are effective in the more intense dramatic scenes.

CORT. "ONLY 38." Comedy in 3 acts by A. E. Thomas. Produced Sept. 13 with this cast:

Mrs. Stanley	Mary Ryan
Mrs. Newcomb	Kate Mayhew
Mrs. Peters	Helen Van Hoose
Mr. Sanborn	Percy Pollock
Robert Stanley	Neil Martin
Lucy Stanley	Ruth Mero
Mary Hadley	Margaret Shackelford
Syd. Johnson	Leon Cunningham
Professor Giddings	Harry C. Browne

IF you like sentiment, not necessarily laid on with a trowel, but still pretty thickly applied, "Only 38"

will have its appeal. From a short story by Walter Pritchard Eaton A. E. Thomas has evolved a three-act comedy with Mary Ryan as its protagonist, the widow of a Methodist minister left with twins, a boy and a girl and very little money. Her father, however, sells some woodlands and the young prigs are sent to college. The theme of the comedy shows the widow's struggle for some of the beauties of life. The priggish cubs, regarding their mother, though she is two years short of forty, as aged, insist that she shall comport herself as if she were nearing the grave. But she gets a new husband in a professor of English and the brats learn something in tolerance. They, the brats, were acted with real truth by Ne Martin and Ruth Mayo, and the "by gosh" grandfather with comicunction by Percy Pollock. It was a nice manly professor that Henry C. Browne presented and as the long suffering mamma who finally kicked over the traces and assured her independence by smoking a cigarette Mary Ryan was smartly gracious.

"POT-LUCK." Comedy in 3 acts by Edward Childs Carpenter. Produced Sept. 29 with this cast:

Lester Scanlon	Junius Matthews
Sarah Penfield	Beth Franklin
Martha Holcomb	Helen Reimer
Amy Jewell	Clara Moores
William Farley	Frank Allworth
Hilda Wrenn	Frances Kennan
Mrs. Wrenn	Jenny Dickerson
Phoebe Lyman	Helen Stewart
Jim Patterson	Rockliffe Fellowes
Stephen MacCauley	James Rennie
Judge Penfield	Howard Nugent
Roscoe Brown	Percy Moore
Wilbur Holcomb	Frank E. Jamison
David Crum	Douglas Bright


ADISTINCTLY stock company atmosphere pervades "Pot-Luck," by Edward Childs Carpenter, who wrote "The Cinderella Man." "Pot-Luck" reminds one forcibly of the type of play stock companies usually produce, and those in the cast somehow keep in harmony with this note, in their acting. But, notwithstanding, it isn't at all a little comedy, as comedies go.

Clara Moores, a distinctly true-to-form stock company leading lady type, is sweet and tender and very pretty in the rôle of the wife—the inevitable self-sacrificing wife. When, after marrying a husband she has secured through a matrimonial agency, because she doesn't want to die an old maid, she finds he has a shady past, she stands by him to the last ditch, and finally elevates him to an exalted position in the community. He helps by writing a story for the *Saturday Evening Post* about himself, in which he justifies his wrong-doing. James Rennie, seen in one of the leading rôles in "Spanish Love," and cast as the c-

(Continued on page 424)



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MR. HORNBLow GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 422)

confidence man husband of the play, must appreciate the inconsequence of his rôle, for he acts down to it. Rockliffe Fellowes is excellent in make-up, mannerisms, and acting, in the rôle of the master-crook who engineers the marriage swindle.

Blanche Bertier
Garin-Mielaux
Madame Oviedo
Monsieur Oviedo
Francois Trevoux
Giselle Vaudrey

Beatrice Millar
Frank Sylvester
Margaret Dumont
Horace James
Ian Maclaren
Hilda Spong

"LIKE A KING," a comedy in 3 acts, by John Hunter Booth. Produced Oct. 3 with this cast:

Thomas H. Coffin	Charles Esdale
Norah Smuts	Margaret Wiltshire
Nathaniel Alden	James Gleason
Dan Riordan	Hale Norcross
Policeman	John Hardtap
Mrs. Alden	Mina Gleason
Phyllis Weston	Ann Harding
Abigail	Lucille Parker
Robert Alden	James Seeley
Arabelle Alden	Frances Howard
Gen. Wade Weston	Robert E. Homans
Samuel Pemberton	E. L. Duane
Calvin Lowe	Edward Poland
J. W. Savage	Max Waizman
William Chubb	Arthur Allen
George W. Grubbe	Dodson Mitchell

EVEN farce comedies in these days of "The First Year" and "Mr. Pim," must take on some semblance of life if they're to be awarded a good grade of palm. The manifestly impossible, let alone the utterly incredible, is being gazed upon with more and more of a jaundiced eye. A comic playwright's skill consists today not so much in getting humor out of what might happen as in getting it out of what does happen.

Mr. Booth's hero, Nat Alden, "broke" after a number of high financial adventures which promised big but falsely, is anxious to go home but cannot due to the fact that he has so exaggerated his success in letters home, as to have led his parents into thinking him a wealthy man. Rambling in the park, he is run down by a Rolls-Royce and picked up by its chauffeur who proves to be an old war "buddie." The latter, upon hearing of Alden's dilemma, explains that his employer, the owner of the car, has gone out of town for a few days, and offers to drive Alden home in the Rolls as if it were his own. To this, Alden consents and he arrives in Upper Falls, Mass., "Like a King."

Apart from a lamentable Central Park scene which opened the play, the production was creditable. James Gleason made an amusing and sympathetic Nat Alden, and Ann Harding a most bewitching and capable "sweetheart who waits six years and will wait six more."

PUNCH AND JUDY. "THE FAN." Comedy in 3 acts by Robert de Flers and G. A. de Caillavet. Produced October 3 with this cast:

Therese	Rosalie Mathieu
Pierre	J. Jackson Dunn
Marc d'Arnot	Edward H. Wever
Germaine De Landeve	Eva Leonard-Boyne
Jacques De Landeve	Harold Heaton

WITH many successes to their credit, death only disrupted the literary partnership of de Flers and de Caillavet. The latter was the one to pass on. The survivor of the firm was recently elected to a seat in the Academy. When "L'Habit Vert" made its great Parisian success, they were hailed as the legitimate successors of Meilhac and Halévy in the composition of polite comedy of social intrigue. Among their numerous productions was "L'Eventail" an English version of which called "The Fan" by Pitts Duffield, recently served to re-introduce Hilda Spong in a stellar rôle at the Punch and Judy.

The heroine is a widow who untangles the complications that grow out of the amatory excursions of a none too savory collection of individuals, married and single, by the time honored method of fascinating each male in turn. For the time, at least, the process is presumed to work a general moral rehabilitation. A fable such as this requires the nicest histrionic handling. If the erring ones are not presented with subtle allure and polite irresponsibility in their philanderings, there can be no possible illusion. Instead of thoughtless, amusing folly, you get sordid suggestiveness. Miss Spong is a comedienne of gracious address, ripe experience and assured methods. Her Giselle is English rather than French, but she acts with fine enthusiasm and makes the point in her showy rôle.

JOLSON'S 59TH STREET. "Bombo," spectacular extravaganza in 2 acts. Book by Harold Atteridge. Music by Sigmund Romberg. Produced Oct. 6 with these principals:

Al Jolson, Franklyn A. Batie, Vera Bayles Cole, Frank Holmes, Russell Mack, Mildred Keats, Forrest Huff, Gladys Caldwell, Fred Hall, Fritz Von Busing, Grace Keeshon, Janet Adair, Harry Turpin, Ernest Young, Jack Kearns, Ernest Miller, Dennis Murray, Walter White, Harry Sievers, Edward Pooley, Thomas Ross, Theodore Hoffman, Irene Hart, Bernice Hart, Janette Dietrich, Frank Bernard, Sam Critcherson, Fred Hall, Vivien Oakland, William Moore, Stephen Cortez, Helen Peggy, Rianna, Elizabeth Reynolds, Dora Doby and Bertie Beaumont.

AROUSING big show, in a splendid new theatre, with beautiful girls and gorgeous scenery, graceful dancers and clever comedians—above all, with Al Jolson to set the pace in fun-making—surely a combination hard to beat.

(Continued on page 426)



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| 10-in. | { | Capua) Tenor (in Italian) | Mario Chamlee |
| \$1.00 | { | <i>Serenade du Tsigane</i> (Gypsy Serenade) | |
| 10043 | { | (Valdez) Pianoforte by Frederic Persson | |
| 10-in. | { | Violin Solo | Max Rosen |
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Hadda Hopper appearing in "Six Cylinder Love," wearing a marvellous Bergdorf-Goodman chinchilla wrap

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MR. HORNBLLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 424)

It's safe to say that there is not a dull moment in "Bombo." The spectacle sizzles and rips from start to finish, with wonderful dancing, no end of catchy, lyrical songs and jokes and anecdotes handled in the inimitable Jolson manner.

The pony ballet alone is worth the price of admission—real youth and beauty here, stepping and prancing with true equestrian grace.

As to the plot, it has to do with the discovery of America by our old friend Columbus—aided and abetted by his colored deckhand, Al Jolson. It was Al who did the bartering with the Indians. "Give us Brooklyn and I'll give you in exchange a pair of rusty scissors." The Indians grabbed at the offer and to this day, Jolson is convinced that they had the best of the bargain.

A good show—go to see it.

PLAYHOUSE. "WAIT 'TILL WE'RE MARRIED." Comedy in 3 acts by Hutcheson Boyd and Rudolph Bunner. Produced Sept. 26 with this cast:

Kate Livermore	Maude Turner Gordon
Marshall	Gerald Oliver Smith
James Twells	Robert Strange
Marion Livermore	Marion Coakley
Connie Temple	Jean Shelby
William Plumb	Henry Duffy
Aunt Carrie	Adah Sherman
Aunt Betsy	Lucy Beaumont
Aunt Meridian	Edna May Oliver
Tom Hatch	James Spottswood
Uncle Kester	Rapley Holmes
Felix	Robert Hawkins

A DAY or so after the opening of "Wait 'Till We're Married," an announcement by the Morosco office headed, "An Apology" sat boldly among the theatrical "ads" in the dailies. I must confess that the joke is on me, for, upon seeing it, I jumped too hastily to the conclusion that for the first time in the annals of theatrical producing, a manager was actually apologizing to the public for having dished up before it dramatic fare not worth the eating! I was ready to weep tears of joy at this simple confession of guilt.

But, alas, the "apology" was to those members of the play-going world who, having tried every known method of theatre-entry short of murder, had not been able to secure seats for this new Morosco farce the previous evening, and had, presumably, been tossed back on a sterile Broadway and forced to content themselves with such inferior fodder as perhaps "Liliom" or "The Circle."

The promise of such a title as "Wait 'Till We're Married" in these days of dramadulteries is not lived up to by this piece of Messrs. Boyd and Bunner. I can at least say about it that it is wholesome and harmless. That does not mean, however, that

it is fit for the young girl; in fact, so far as I am able to judge it is not particularly fit for anybody. The whole proceeding—with the exception of an occasional burst of acceptable humor and some clever miming by Edna May Oliver—is as empty of meat as a Soviet stockyard.

GARRICK. "AMBUSH." A play in 3 acts by Arthur Richman. Produced Oct. 10 with this cast:

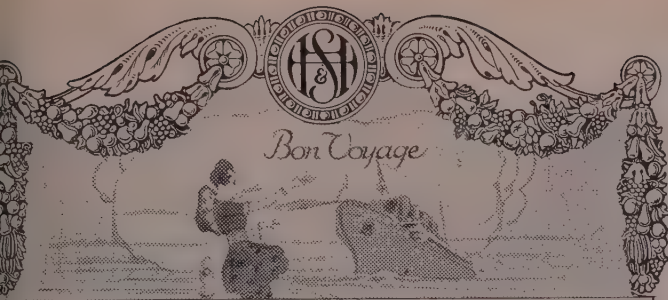
Walter Nichols	Frank Reicher
Harriet Nichols	Jane Wheatley
Harry Gleason	Charles Ellis
Margaret Nichols	Florence Eldridge
Seymour Jennison	John Craig
Mrs. Jennison	Katherine Proctor
A Chauffeur	Edwin R. Wolfe
Alan Kraigne	Noel Leslie
Howard Donnelly	Edward Donnelly
George Lithridge	George Stillwell

OF the Jane Clegg School of middle class drama is this latest product of Arthur Richman's versatile pen and the first offering of the Theatre Guild's season. It is the finest American play of its sort and the best of any sort that the Guild has discovered in the course of its somewhat sketchy researches in the field of American dramatic genius. "Ambush" marks Arthur Richman as one of the most sincere and capable masters of dramaturgy that this country has produced.

The play plunges without compromise or hyperbola into a vivisection of Jersey City home life, which is symbolic enough in itself of home life lived anywhere amid drab surroundings, and in the shadow of constant and painful economy. The daughter of the house, longing for the things that women always seem to have longed for so long as there have been women, finally manages to get them, by at first secretly and finally openly, practising the oldest profession in the world. In the process of her downfall are shattered the high ideals of a weak and somewhat foolish father who is relentlessly driven at last into accepting money from his daughter's paramour wherewith to pay the rent.

The play has not the rumbling quality of those great domestic tragedies which were born in Ibsen's workshop, but stays rather overly on the surface in a somewhat obvious effort to make everything wholly real and apparent. From this it takes a somewhat photographic aspect which costs it that semblance of true artistic creation which the Europeans alone, thus far, have been able to achieve. But none the less, it marks a high point in our progress, and I admire it above all for its refusal to swerve anywhere into box-office technique. There are moments in the play as pregnant with power and dramatic insight as anything that has come from the pen of O'Neill.

(Continued on page 438)

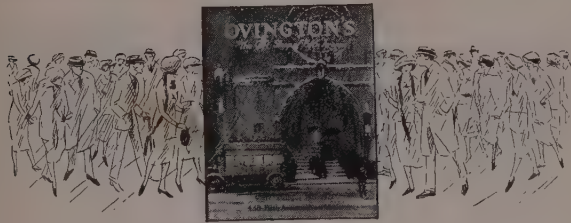


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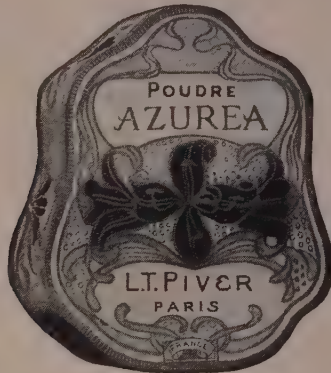
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AZUREA

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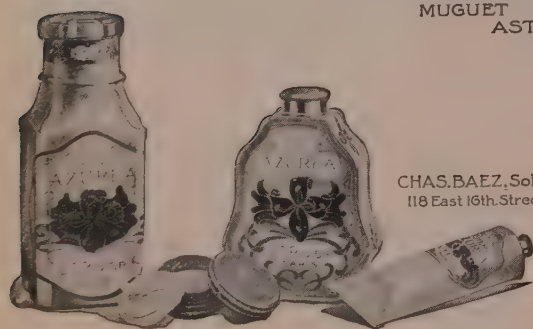
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CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S BOYHOOD

A LONDON despatch to the New York Tribune gives an interesting interview with T. A. March, head master of the Agnes School where Charlie Chaplin attended as a boy. The teacher has never seen the famous film comedian on the screen but he is not surprised to hear that his antics have brought him fame and fortune. He says:

"He used to make us laugh, too. He had a genius for pranks and mimicry. His gait was curious, even as a boy—one shoulder up, one leg bent, one foot pointing east and one foot west. His clothes were always shabby and ill-fitting, sometimes too large and frequently too small.

"Charlie would ask the most outlandish questions in school with the air of a cherub. At first I thought it was a case of leg-pulling, but it wasn't. One of his strong points was his requests for home work, but when I'd give him some he never would do it.

"Charlie was invariably late to school, but on arrival he'd always have an excuse ready that would satisfy a barrister. Never was he on time. He'd turn up anywhere from two to ten minutes late, with a calm expression on his face and announce convincingly that his mother had overslept or that he had had to take his father's breakfast to him (Charlie would bring along a part

of the meal to offer as evidence), or that he lived so far from school that it was impossible to arrive on time.

"The worst trouble I had with the boy in class was caused by his joking propensities. I can see him now, peeping to see how late he was, and then, if he thought I wasn't looking, convulsing the class before prayers with antics behind the door. He was incorrigible. He was made the butt of the boys, for despite his high spirit and wit and good temper he was not brainy. His arithmetic was appalling.

"On the playground one saw Charlie at his best. He was the life and soul of the boys—and the death, too, almost, of some of them on occasion, for he could fight when pressed. He kept the lads in roars of laughter all their playtime by his antics, strange walking, tricks and mimicry.

"The fact is that some of us grown-ups got a clear idea of how we ourselves appeared or acted, just by watching Charlie when he was unconscious of our presence.

"One of the boy's catholic habits was to take a half-day off every week, regardless of rules. He would take any half-day that seemed convenient to him, and the fact that he was expected to be at school instead of playing truant didn't trouble him."—Copyright 1921, New York Tribune, Inc.



THE TOLEDO THEATRE

In our issue for October, 1921, on page 230, in an article entitled "Toledo Joins the Insurgents," which gave a description of the playhouse in which the Toledo Stock Company is now having a successful season, there appeared this sentence: "the theatre has formerly been a burlesque house, which no respectable woman would pass without first crossing the street." The THEATRE MAGAZINE regrets that such a statement should have been made in its columns, for it is not true. It was allowed to pass because we thought that the writer referred to an old

building long since torn down. The Toledo Theatrical Company conducts the house now occupied by the Toledo Stock Company, and recently erected a \$250,000 theatre building in Toledo, where the attractions of the Columbia Amusement Company are presented. The THEATRE MAGAZINE is in no way prejudiced against burlesque houses. We have here on Broadway, the Columbia, one of the most popular houses, and perfectly respectable ladies not only would be willing to pass close to it, but to purchase seats for the performance if lucky enough to find any for sale.



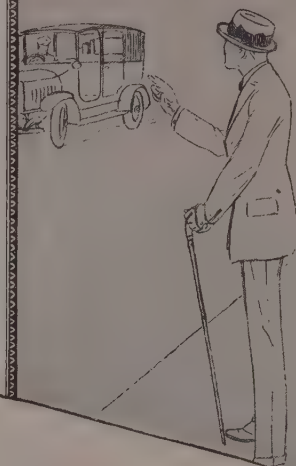
THE PROMENADES OF ANGELINA

(Continued from page 408)

painted the same deep—almost a beet-root-red. The painting looked as carefully done as if by an artist . . . it wasn't just the usual smearing on of nail paste that we have known, and I suppose there was some special medium happy in dyeing quality with which it was done, and which I regret to say has, at this writing, not yet come within my range. When it does I'll tell you . . . you may like the idea.

And here's an interesting thing . . . The woman sat with her head

turned away from me, her hands clasped over the back of a chair. From these—you know how you judge people's ages by hands—I thought her a young woman. And what was my surprise when I caught a glimpse of her profile to find she must have been over forty! So that's what the new style finger tips can do for you! I told Mother when Tubby happened to be there, and he said if it gave as rejuvenating an effect as all that, he was going to try it, too.



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Fox Films,
writes—



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SCARLET ROLES OBJECTIONABLE TO WOMEN

(Concluded from page 390)

unselfish, affectionate, witty, arch, attractive, and magnetic. She is an altogether fine woman, and her wits. Naturally, I enjoy being an Olivia. are working every minute of the time.

ANOTHER rôle I adored was that in 'Her Phantom Lovers,' which I played opposite Mr. Deitrichstein. I was particularly fond of the last scene, the one in which the wife and husband sit opposite each other at a supper table. It is a quiet scene, calling for restrained acting, but the lines are glorious—clever, scintillating lines, pregnant with meaning. It was like fencing with words. I scarcely could wait for that particular scene, and just existed through all the others waiting for that one.

"The reason I have sort of a complex which makes me adverse to playing rôles of evil women or crying women or fallen women is that it is so easy to be all of those things. I like to play the part of a woman who goes through life using her brains, and using them all of the time. Any woman can be soft and cry and get hysterical over annoying things that come up in life. That doesn't mean she is overcoming them, except, perhaps, temporarily. As for the woman who sins against the moral law for a livelihood, I feel deepest sympathy for her, but I cannot admire her. It is the simplest thing in the world for a girl to live the "easiest way." It takes the clever, bright girl, who, thrown out upon the world, wrests her honest living from it, by working—using their brains to earn money.

AS for the unmoral woman, who cares not a jot about her place in the world, or about commanding respect and admiration of those about her, who sins just for the sheer joy of sinning, I do not consider her clever or unusual or an admirable feminine type. Well, then, conceding that these various types of femininity are neither especially fine, nor clever, nor ambitious, nor intellectual—why should I have anything in common with them? Why should I desire to create a similar type and set her up before the

public as one recognized type of womanhood?

"Perhaps the rôle that offered me the greatest possibilities, and one of which I would never have tired, was the sister-in-law in 'The Great Divide.' In this play, I played the part of the sister of the wife of the leading male character. The man was intellectual, an unusual type of man. His wife did not understand him, nor make any attempt to. Viewing the stormy, unhappy progress of their domestic life was the sister of the wife—a woman who would have been the man's true mate had Destiny not cast her sister in a rôle for which she was not fitted. A splendid woman, with a fine mind, large understanding, sympathetic nature, and moral goodness, the sister-in-law is forced to stand by and watch the unhappiness of the man she loves, witness the futile, ineffectual attempts of the wife to make the domestic machinery run smoothly, and see him crushed against the matrimonial wheel.

DURING each performance of that play, I learned something new. I was constantly improvising. New sidelights on the character of the sister-in-law kept presenting themselves to me. New petty traits became visible in the wife. I discovered new sufferings for the husband."

The pictured eyes of Miss Crew's mother smiling up at her from her dressing table seemed to hold her attention. She picked up the photograph again and studied the lined face.

"Mother doesn't like this particular photograph. She says she's going to have another one taken for me, because this one shows too plainly the wrinkles in her face. The Dear! If she only knew how much I loved every line. Why, I wouldn't have one of them that's actually there missing in the photographed reproduction of her. They all spell character to me."

IS it any wonder that a woman who places so high a valuation upon the real things of life, fine human motives, should dislike, even in the mimic world, to present a woman utterly lacking in them?

VICTOR RECORDS

John McCormack adds to his popular successes this month a new Victor Record that will delight this artist's admirer's in every quarter of the world. "Little Town in the Old County Down" is a ditty that will enchant those who appreciate the subtle perfection of his songs in Irish style. "Mattinata"—a song of morning, with the gold of the sun in one's eyes, is a beautiful Italian song, writ-

ten especially for Giuseppe De Luca and sung by him for the November Victor Records.

The beautiful tenor epilogue from "Mefistofele" when Faust, repentant, prays for the forgiveness that saves him, is sung for Victor music lovers this month by Beniamino Gigli. The number is characteristic of this celebrated young tenor's sympathetic, impassioned style.

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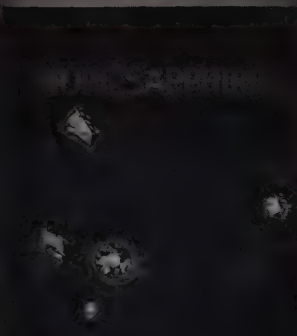


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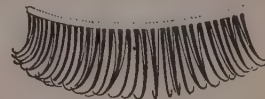
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Community Dramatics

(Continued from page 400)

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of THEATRE MAGAZINE, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1921, State of New York, County of New York. Before me a Notary Public and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Louis Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the Theatre Magazine, and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Theatre Magazine Co., 6 East 39th St., New York. Editor, Arthur Hornblow, 6 East 39th St., New York. Managing Editor, none. Business Managers, Paul and Louis Meyer, 6 East 39th St., New York. That the owners are: The Theatre Magazine Company, 6 East 39th St., New York; Mr. Henry Stern, 301 West 108th St., New York; Mr. Louis Meyer, 6 East 39th St., New York; Mr. Paul Meyer, 6 East 39th St., New York. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security

holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders, as they appear upon the books of the company, but also in cases where the stock holders or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and the affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him. Signed by LOUIS MEYER, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of September, 1921. [SEAL] GEORGE H. BROOKE, Notary Public, New York Co., No. 649, Register's No. 3028. (Term expires March 30th, 1923).

A HISTORY OF THE THEATRE IN AMERICA

By ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor of the THEATRE MAGAZINE

Photogravure. Frontispiece and 188 Doubletone illustrations from rare engravings, playbills, and photographs, many lent specially from private collections for reproduction in this work. TWO OCTAVO VOLS. OVER 700 PAGES.

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Philadelphia

see it given in every church in the city. In Los Angeles this Pageant of the Nativity with choral singing was given on a tree-crowned hill before an audience of three thousand people, under the direction of Marjorie Day. It was so dramatic, so noble and impressive that the California City has decided to repeat it this Christmas and the Director of the Municipal Recreation Department, Mr. H. C. Raitt, states that it is to be an annual celebration for Los Angeles hereafter.

ANOTHER interesting circumstance of popular satisfaction and delight has been the quite general production of the one-act Christmas play, "Why the Chimes Rang," by Elizabeth Apthorpe McFadden. May Pashley Harris, Dramatic director of New York Community Service, with the co-operation of the Russell Sage Foundation and the International Institute, developed last November a "Workshop for Directors." Selecting this radiant play of a 47 Workshop student as a basis, a number of young people were trained as directors, with the definite object of producing this Christmas play. It is itself all alight with Christmas spirit. Seven performances were held in different sections of New York City alone. Indeed "Why the Chimes Rang," possibly went more places on the amateur stage last season than any other play. And it will doubtless go again this Christmas.

A remarkable presentation of it was given in Tacoma, Washington, at the Soldiers and Sailors Club-house under the auspices of the Tacoma Drama League. The staging designed by Florence Wilbur who directed the play, was simple and effective. Screens were used to make the peasant's cottage. A few rushes on the floor, a brazier, fashioned out of cardboard with red paper for coals, a rough table and three stools—and there was the picture. A black curtain hung between two white columns made a mystic dark at the back of the room and this was drawn when the vision came. The stained glass window, (made of pastel shades of wax paper) and the white altar with the golden cross and burning candles were revealed when the Cathedral scene took place.

The parts were unusually well cast. Holger, the dreamer, was taken by a Lincoln High School student, John Brouillard, a gifted boy of Irish and French extraction. Mrs. Hiram Tuttle, Miss Jean MacDonald, Mr. Claude Brennan, Fred Oakes, a little boy of the Whitman

School and Raymond Holmes, director of Trinity Choir played the leading parts. Various Tacoma churches, organizations and merchants co-operated in the production

IN the Middle West the suggested program for community Christmas celebrations prepared by Nina B. Lamkin and Edna G. Keith helped hundreds of communities. Miss Lamkin's Christmas Pageant, "The Gifts We Bring" was widely produced together with the charming little plays written by Miss Keith, "Bobby's Christmas," and "The Toy Mender." This last play has a universal appeal to children and was presented in a large number of towns. Its production at the South port (North Carolina) Army and Navy Club under the direction of Elizabeth G. Boyle was most attractive.

Elizabeth Hanley's Christmas Pageant "The Perfect Gift" was successfully produced at Moultrie, Georgia, Greenville, S. C., New York City and many other places. There is always a demand for everything about Christmas written by Constance D'Arcy Mackay.

One of the most charming and artistic little performances for children last year was Marie Moore Forrest's dramatization of "The Night Before Christmas" which she gave at Keith's Theatre, Washington, D.C. at the matinee each day of Christmas Week. Keith's entertained many of the poor children of Washington by this, and the performance was literally a howling success. The ever famous verse was read—just as it is (Will a child ever permit it changed!) and pantomime action in two scenes did the rest. Santa even came down the chimney! "The Lighting of the Christmas Candles" was another play Mrs. Forrest produced.

Up Boston way Joy Higgins directed the Christmas activities of the amateur stage as she will again do this season.

With the Community Service Christmas program issued at such a nominal price and the dramatic coaches and directors of the organization ready for service together with the Little Theatre groups and organized amateur players everywhere there need be no dearth of Christmas entertainment for 1921. Certainly there is no longer excuse for the torrent of slush that sometimes overwhelms the country at this time under the name of "Christmas Plays."

COMPLIMENTS OF

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See Page 433



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THE AMATEUR STAGE

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(Continued from page 398)

Mr. Middleton surmounts this by the employment of melodies founded on Greek modes, and harmonies implicit in those modes. He takes liberties freely, uses "modernistic" devices, frankly invents where scholarship has no word to say. The rhythms are highly varied, counter-rhythms and syncopation occur, affording intricate patterns for the dancing. The moods accord with the song. There are solos, trios, full chorus—mostly in unison, occasionally in parts. Lastly, the accompaniment is written for piano and Mustell organ, the former for lyre effects, the latter for flutes. This avoids the modern associations of a regular orchestra, and enriches for our ears what might seem "thin" in the original treatment. Also it balances well against the fifteen voices.

Miss Gage is a Bennett graduate, who made her Shakespearian debut with us in New York three years ago. She has studied in several dancing schools, including the Duncans, supplementing that excellent training by comprehensive work at the Greek rhythms, Greek vases, Greek monuments. Applying all this with untrammelled invention, she obtains amazing results. School-girls commanding their faces like masks; manipulating the subtleties of an irony by gesture; interpreting by the eloquent guidance of their bodies, emotions that range all the way from the calm of statuesque repose or solemn procession, to the thudding of the goat-hooves, the wild raptures and Eves of Bacchic frenzy: such consummations may seem hardly credible. But it can be done. Only it takes seven months of unremitting labor to accomplish it.

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In conclusion, a word may be added as to the fitness of performing Greek plays by a cast of all one sex. In these columns we need not insist upon that being the original practice. Instead, we maintain that the convention is a definite advantage, not a limitation. It lifts the play out of the sphere of sex altogether, and places it where it belongs, in the realm of great ideas. A Greek tragedy is not a slice of life, a piece of imitative realism; still less is it a vehicle for sentimental associations or the exploitation of personalities. It is a complex of universal broodings and unbosomings, rendered in terms of supernal beauty, for the everlasting sustenance of mankind.



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Further articles, and contributors to the series will be announced later.—The Editor.

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MR. HORNBLow GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 426)

The play has been admirably put on by Robert Milton. I sympathize both with him and with Frank Reicher in the task both had of trying to make the latter look and behave like the poor, silly Jersey City failure that Richman has pictured the father to be. Reicher did as well as could be expected under the circumstances, was never in the picture, but at times, by dint of his superbly intelligent work, thrilled in spite of it. Florence Eldredge was as much in the picture as the daughter, as Reicher was out of it, and gave an exceedingly satisfactory performance. John Craig overplayed woefully the part of an enthusiastic oil stock salesman. Agreeable performances were given by Edwin R. Wolfe and Charles Ellis.

LONGACRE. "THANK YOU." A play in 3 acts by Winchell Smith and Tom Cushing. Produced Oct. 3 with this cast:

Hannah	Helen Judson
Miss Blodgett	Dickie Woolman
Joe Willetts	Albert Hyde
David Lee	Harry Davenport
Andy Beardsley	Frank McCormack
Mrs. Jones	Alice Johnson
Gladys Jones	Frances Simpson
Monte Jones	Theodore Westman, Jr.
Diane	Edith King
Kenneth Jamieson	Donald Foster
Cornelius Jamieson	Frank Monroe
Leonard Higginbotham	Charles Goodrich

EVERYONE knows the problems that face the underpaid minister of a small congregation in a small town, when in addition he has to contend with narrow-minded vestrymen who find fault with the minister's niece whose only fault was to have been brought up in Paris. Left an orphan, she comes to live with her uncle, bringing with her a number of Parisian frocks. This is enough to set the gossips' tongues wagging. There is the young lover—in fact, two of them—one a black sheep who wants to reform in order to marry the girl. Then there is the father who was born in that small town but is now a captain of finance. The poor minister's sermons are really masterpieces but nobody listens to them. A scandal is started to blemish the niece's good character and in order to rid the congregation of their minister, the vestrymen decide to reduce his salary. But the captain of industry has read the sermons and decides to apply his own business methods in putting the minister on the map. He does, and everyone flocks to hear him from miles around. Of course, there is the usual happy ending and as our English friends say, "It's a jolly good play," with every part actually in competent hands.

Harry. Davenport as the minister makes you feel like going to church again. If our American girls should

all come back as sweet as Edith King, by all means send them to be educated in France. To sum up—among the offerings of this season, a play really worth-while.

HUDSON. "MAN IN THE MAKING." Play in four acts by James W. Elliott. Produced September 30 with this cast:

Lester Toomey	Robert Fisk
Jimmy Carswell	Donald Gallaher
Stanley Sheridan	Raymond Hackett
Aunt Lou	Suzanne Willis
Grace Whiting	Kathleen Comegys
Cliff Whiting	Francis Byrne
J. Z. Carswell	Paul Everton
Traveling Salesman	Joseph Guthrie
Al. Wayman	William B. Mack
Slim Peters	Duncan Harris
Dolan	Edwin Walter
Teddy Barco	Justin Lees
The Clam	Billie Bergh
Theodore Barco	Frazer Coulter

WHEN Jimmy Carswell in "Man in the Making," at the Hudson set out for college, the pother over this not unusual occurrence suggested that he was bound for the electric chair or Sing Sing. His stern parent who had slaved for preferment insisted on a higher education for his son. Papa's business assistant asserted that anyone "sent" to college must come to a bad end; and after his four years, Jimmy demonstrated that he had learned nothing save to drink and spend money, to Papa's fearful disillusionment, who in good old-time rhetoric adjured the recreant youth to either "make good or make room."

Then Jimmy quit the family roof and started on his travels which took him as far west as San Francisco where he starved, fell into the snares of temptation, but pulled himself together, came back while his papa was in Europe, and made good as the superintendent of the paternal factory. Still not enough—Pa returned and after a good calling down by his son on sociological responsibilities, Mr. Carswell set out and established a remarkable institution where youth might combine culture with the necessary knowledge of the material requirements of the age.

A very singular play—this by James W. Elliott, which takes four acts and a prologue to unfold. Donald Galaher played "the Youth" who came back with emotional skill, and enacted a scene in which he simulated lunacy with nice discretionary effort. Willard B. Mack, as a Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford, was in his usual sententious form, while the stern parent and the doting mother were nicely played by Paul Evertun and Leah Winslow.

"THE CHILDREN'S TRAGEDY," a play in 3 acts by Carl Schoenherr.
(Continued on page 440)

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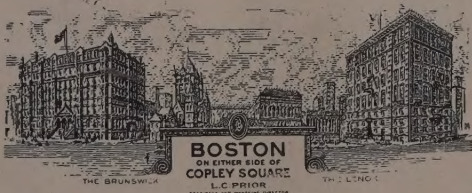
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When a story takes you out of yourself, when it makes you realize that life has a wonderful range of possibilities far beyond the routine to which most of us have to become accustomed, when it pictures in unforgettable sentences, characters who are brave, undaunted and ready to face life, and when it finds that life always yields to the attack of the unafraid—then the story has done something for the reader which is worth to him many times the price he pays for the magazine he reads it in.

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Who are the masters of fiction that, in recent years, have performed this miracle? Well, Kipling for one, all will agree; O. Henry for another, Stevenson and Conan Doyle; to go further back. Then there is Barrie, with his irresistible tenderness and sentiment; Barrie, who makes you think of Charles Dickens. What would you not give for a story which has some of the qualities of these writers, a story by a novelist who has proved that he lives in the same street with Kipling, O. Henry, Stevenson, Conan Doyle and Barrie?

Tristram Tupper

Within the last few months the METROPOLITAN has published several stories by a new writer, named Tristram Tupper. These stories were "Terwilliger," "Grit" and "The Man Who Knew Nothing on Earth." If you read them you will agree, we believe, that Tristram Tupper has some of the qualities of the great imaginative writers we have been talking about, that he lives in the same street with them, that a Tristram Tupper story does take you out of yourself and make the world all over anew.

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In the December METROPOLITAN we are beginning the publication of Tristram Tupper's first big novel. It is called, "The House of the Five Swords." The meaning of that romantic title we leave to you to find out as you read the story. But we must tell you that in "The House of the Five Swords," you will meet some characters which you are not accustomed to meet in everyday fiction. You will find romance as fresh and genuine as anything we could wish to offer you. In a story like this, American fiction makes good its title, the best in the world. And METROPOLITAN lives up to its promise and its policy, to provide a genuine thrill, surprise, happiness and inspiration.

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MR. HORNBLLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(Concluded from page 438)

the English text by Benjamin Glazer.

Produced Oct. 10 with this cast:

The Elder Brother	Phillips Tead
The Younger Brother	Sidney Carlyle
The Sister	Nedda Harrigan

"THE VAN DYCK," a one-act comedy from the French of Andre Savoir and Pierre Ducrox, English text by Cosmo Lennox. Produced Oct. 10 with this cast:

John Peters	William Norris
Arthur Stanislaus	Arnold Daly
Dr. Porter	Walter F. Scott
First Assistant	Valentine Saunders
Second Assistant	Jennings Morrison

ARNOLD DALY is such an interesting personality and an actor of such discerning judgment—it was really he who introduced and established Shaw in America—that all interested in dramatic vision will wish him well in his efforts to establish a repertoire at the Greenwich Village. It will, however, be from only the advanced student in dramatic psychology that he will draw his support if he persists in such offerings as "The Children's Tragedy." There are critics that insist that Schoenherr is a morbid decadent and liken him most to Wedekind. It is a singular mind that can draw an analogy between these two plays. The three characters are children as are the the principals in the Wedekind piece. There the likeness ends. "The Children's Tragedy" is unpleasant in theme, but it is neither forced nor realistically repellent. It is a vividly searching analysis in the mental reaction of two boys and a girl when they discover their mother's faithlessness. It is expressed in terms of moving drama. Close knit, it tells the story with a power that marks it an example of almost perfect play construction. The elder and younger brother are acted with fine intensity by Phillips Tead and Sidney Carlyle, but the honors go to Nedda Harrigan as the sister. Repressed with fine artistic restraint, it glows with emotional fire and effect. The Greenwich Village Theatre has already this season revealed two young actresses of the highest promise, Miss Harrigan and Miss Royle who recently appeared on its boards as Elaine.

"The Van Dyck," an amusing one-act trifle from the French, which has already served him in vaudeville and elsewhere, forms the second part of the initial programme and serves to show Daly himself as a voluble comedian and expert farceur. As the bewildered musical amateur, William Norris is delightfully amusing and artistic.

BROADHURST. "BEWARE OF DOGS." A play in 3 acts by William Hodge. Produced Oct. 3 with the following cast:

Nick	Gustave Rolland
Mrs. Williams	Mrs. Chas. G. Craig

George Oliver
Florence Arnold
Mr. Appleton
Henry Shaw
Mrs. Appleton
Mr. Jennings
Camille DuBarry
John Winford
Mimi
Dynamite

William Hodge
Ann Davis
George W. Barbier
Leighton Stark
Edith Shayne
John Webster
Julia Bruns
Philip Dunning
A. Pekingsese
An English Bull

AFTER the first act of what it author is pleased to call "a satirical tale in three wags," it plain to be seen that it is futile to hold out hopes for the other two. Mr. Hodge, long identified with rural plays and rôles of country bumpkins, has written another Jay rôle for himself. There isn't much to the rôle and less to the play. The latter depicts a country chap who runs a boarding house for dogs. A bad city man and his chorus girl mistress board their dogs there, and use his humble domicile for a blinde tiger. He is then surrounded by nothing but law-suits. He acts the hero by screaming at his persecutor much after the fashion of a small ill-tempered boy. That's all there is to Mr. Hodge's play—with the exception, perhaps, of many risqué remarks about the immoralities of dogs, and their doggish goings-on.

LIBERTY. "THE O'BRIEN GIRL." Music by Lou Hirsch. Book and lyrics by Otto Harbach and Frank Mardel. Produced Oct. 3 with this cast:

Mrs. Hope	Finita DeSoria
Alice O'Brien	Elizabeth Hines
Joe Fox	Alexander Yakovlev
Lawrence Patten	Edwin Forsberg
Humphrey Drexel	Robinson Newbol
Mrs. Drexel	Georgia Caine
Eloise Drexel	Ada Mae Weeks
Larry Patten	Truman Stanley
Wilbur Weathersby	Andrew Tombes
Gerald Morgan	Carl Hemmer
Minerva	Kitty Devere
Lucille	Vera O'Brien
Aline	Kathleen Mahoney
Estelle	Gretchen Grant
Wolf	Harry Rose
Bear	George Page
Eagle	Lou Lesser
Owl	George Hurd
Mickey	M. Cunningham
Dickey	Hazel Clements

ATYPICAL Cohan show this with the usual quota of jazz songs, dances and dizzy acrobatics to make the thing go with a bang—and a dash of romance to permit of a happy ending.

The O'Brien girl (Elizabeth Hines) is a little stenographer who having inherited \$800 from her uncle, decides to spend her vacation in a millionaire colony in the Adirondacks. She wears stunning gowns, has a flirtation with an Indian guide, breaks hearts in the ballroom, turns and whirls to a dreamy waltz, and captivates the audience with her song "Learn to Smile."

Andrew Tombes, also an amusing mummer, keeps the audience in good humor and Ada Mae Weeks, even nimble on her feet, executes some hand springs and high kicking.

14

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